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AN AUTHENTIC HISTORY

OF THE

ARTISTS OF IRELAND,

AND

ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.

Price Eight Shillings.

[Entered at Stationers'-Hall]

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AN AUTHENTIC HISTORY

OF THE

PROFESSORS

OF

Painting, Sculpture, & Architecture,

WHO HAVE PRACTISED IN

IRELAND;

INVOLVING

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS,

Which prove him to have been ILLITERATE,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

MEMOIRS of the ROYAL ACADEMICIANS;

Being an Attempt to Improve the Taste of the Realm.

By ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

Ireland
K

fine me liber, ibis in urbem
Hei mihi! quod domino non licet ire tuo. OVID.

PRINTED FOR H. D. SYMONDS, PATERNOSTER-ROW;
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ERRATA.

In the AUTHENTIC HISTORY *of the* IRISH ARTISTS.

In Page 26, for *eleemosynary fame*, read *illusory fame*.
In Page 35, for *she smote the Pythian serpent*, read, *he smote &c.*
In Page 56, for *qui & ont parle*, read, *qui en ont parle.*

In the MEMOIRS *of the* ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.

In Page 10, for *palpable sublime*, read, *palpable outline.*
In Page 48, for *he ought to forward as a tacit philosopher*, read, *he ought to reprobate as a moral philosopher.*
In Page 55, for *Mr. Hobart*, read, *Lord Buckinghamshire.*
In Page 148, for *illusson*, read, *illusion*; and for *imposter*, read, *impostor.*

AN AUTHENTIC HISTORY

OF THE

PROFESSORS

OF

Painting, Sculpture, & Architecture,

IN IRELAND.

THE following imperfect Eſſay is the iſſue of all my reſearches, during the laſt twenty-one years of my exiſtence, aſſiſted by the oldeſt and moſt intelligent among the Artiſts of Ireland. I have publiſhed it, to reſcue, as far as I am able, the Profeſſors of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, in our ſiſter kingdom, from oblivion; and to ſtrengthen the propenſities of the wiſe and powerful, in their habits of protection and encouragement towards the Muſes and their retainers. It is an extraordinary truth, that neither *Leonardo da Vinci*, *Vaſari*, the *Abbe Winkelman*, the *Abbe de Bos*, *Felibien*, *Algerotti*, or any other eminent foreign author on the Arts, have mentioned Ireland in their performances; and only *Baſſan* among the recent moderns.

The *Fine Arts* have never been cultivated in Ireland, with that ſtrong attention and encouragement which is neceſſary to produce *eminent* Profeſſors: there are two reaſons which may be adduced to apologize for this unfortunate truth; *viz.* the poverty of the nation, and the conſequent want of illumination in the general orders of its inhabitants. Though Ireland has become proverbial for her wit and her bravery, ſhe appears to me to want that portion of conſideration and perſeverance, which is inconteſtibly expedient to the furtherance and completion of ſuch an object.—PAINTING, SCULPTURE, and ARCHITECTURE, are the offſpring of Luxury, and the concomitants of refinement; and were never known to flouriſh greatly, where Nature was unadulterated, or Society enfeebled by penury:—thoſe impreſſive and alluring ladies muſt be pampered, or they will ſicken, if not periſh.

Previous to the commencement of this century, the Polite Arts were ſo little known in Ireland, as to elude human reſearch. It is a theme on which none of their authors treat, who have any authority with mankind; and of which, I believe, they were nearly wholly ignorant. The likeneſſes or effigies of their kings

and powerful men, which were ſtamped upon the current metal of the hour, as pecuniary obligations, or tokens of value, formed the chief organ which might lead them to a contemplation or admiration of the efforts of art. If any vagrant Profeſſor ſojourned among them at an earlier period, his labours are either forgotten or demoliſhed by time. Their ideas of carving in ſtone and wood, and the branches of chalcography, were antecedent to their knowledge of colours; as many rude examples remain in their cathedrals and ſepulchres, illuſtrative of holy writ, and commemorating their heroes, which muſt have been executed in the earlier ages of chriſtianity.

The Fine Arts knew not the pleaſure of being embraced willingly in Ireland, until the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, was eſtabliſhed in Dublin; and this great and wiſe meaſure was principally effected by the *Duke of Leinſter*,—*Lords Charlemont*, *Portarlington*, *Powerſcourt*, and *Conyngham*;—Mr. *Latouche*, Mr. *Caldbeck*, Mr. *Tiſdall*, Mr. *Stewart*, &c.—and, as the noble pride which attaches itſelf to honorable examples is highly communicative, the liſt of Subſcribers in a ſhort period amounted to ſeveral hundreds of the primary characters of the nation:—yet, the encouragement which even they afforded to the Polite Arts, though comparatively ample, was not ſufficient. Their Academy is rather deſtructive than otherwiſe; as it annually vomits forth an immenſe pictorial fry, who fall ſhort of their expected attainments; as, commonly ſpeaking, they are ſurreptitiouſly imitative, and unqualified claimants upon Fame and Patronage;—their talents are immature, and their lives replete with diſappointment and ſorrow. Thus, in this particular department of their vaſt undertaking, I think the Society has been more injurious than beneficial; as it is not in the diſpoſition of a human being to bleſs thoſe who create an appetite, without having the ability to adminiſter ſuſtenance. But it is not the ſtudents of every empire that can reſort for conſolation or energy to an *Auguſtus*, a *Mecænas*, an *Alexander*, the *Tuſcan Coſmo*, *Charles Stuart*, or the *Tenth Leo*. Yet, let me recollect, while I am bringing our ſiſter kingdom to her purgation, that Britain, with more power, has leſs ardour; and, though her taſte is purer, her vain love of portraiture conſumes her regards for ſublimity. Theſe remarks muſt be underſtood as applying to the comparative ſtate of general patronage in either country, and not to the ſtate of the Profeſſors.

Conſidering Ireland as a nation, ſhe poſſeſſes a more than ordinary portion of genius; but that genius is exemplified in an aptitude of merriment according with momentary ſocial deſires, and conducive to the ſublimation of hilarity; rather than in thoſe progreſſive ſtages of endeavour, which lead the ſtruggling mind to an eſtabliſhed excellence. Iriſhmen are, generally ſpeaking, too

mercurial

mercurial in their propenſities for the habitudes of profound thinking. The impulſe of their ſouls is ſuch, as would lead them to the protection of the whole Parnaſſian choir; but the contagion of their manners poiſons that wholeſome principle:—the ſeeds of their action are fraught with the nobleſt qualities; but the iſſue from that ſeed is too repeatedly blighted by the elements of cuſtom;—they have ſome enlightened and philoſophic men among them, who have done much towards ſuppreſſing the remnants of barbariſm, which are even now too prevailing; but their efforts are not effectual; hence the good taſte of the country is limited, and not equal to the maintenance of the higher orders of imitative merit:—they are more prompt and brilliant than Engliſhmen; but do not ſo repeatedly weigh cauſes with conſequences; and that man who wiſhes to become exemplary as an artiſt, muſt connect his underſtanding with his fancy, and aſſign to each an equal dominion over his time and labour.

No deſcription of people can have a due regard for the Fine Arts, who are more enſlaved by the pleaſures ariſing from the groſſer ſenſes, than thoſe attaching to reflection. The intereſts of intemperance and ſtudy are ſo oppoſite, that they cannot exiſt together in the ſame mind; or at leaſt in ſuch a degree as to produce any advantages to the agent. When we eat or drink more than we ought, we are dragged to contrition through the medium of anguiſh, and forego, and violate, that dignified calmneſs of the ſyſtem, which is only compatible to the nurture of an honorable ambition;—the ſorceries of Circe, or orgies of Bacchus, could not adminiſter or infuſe efficient inſpiration to intellects, debauched by an unhallowed fervor: ſuch may be negatively *contented* with their ignorance of ſupreme merit, but cannot enforce the ability to be enviable, or happy, or renowned.

GEORGE MULLINS, a landſcape painter, was pupil to Mr. James Manning: he married a reſpectable young woman, who kept an alehouſe on Temple-bar, called the Horſe-ſhoe and Magpye; which was the accuſtomed reſort of the theatrical performers and other public perſonages. He worked at Mr. *Wyſe*'s manufactory at Waterford; and painted ſnuff-boxes and waiters, in imitation of the Birmingham ware.

THOMAS ROBERTS was a landſcape painter of conſiderable merit; he was the ſon of an architect, and born in Waterford: he ſtudied under Mr. *George Mullins*, but was improved by *Batts*. This ingenious gentleman acquired his pocket money, when a pupil, by painting the black eyes of thoſe perſons who had been fighting and bruiſing each other in his maſter's tap-room on the preceding evening. This artiſt gained more reputation as a landſcape painter than any other Iriſhman; he was particularly patroniſed by the Duke of Leinſter and Lord Powerſcourt, who poſſeſs many of his beſt works. Being more inclined to the evils

of what is ruinouſly termed *good fellowſhip*, than ſuited his natural powers, he brought on a pulmonary complaint, which induced him to go to Liſbon, where he died. There was an elegance and a gentleneſs in the manners of Mr. *Roberts*, which muſt have ill agreed with the ſcenes of his probation. I do not believe the ſituation of any is ſo keenly unpleaſant, as of thoſe who have been refined by education and habit, and are compelled, by the iron fiſt of neceſſity, to aſſociate with the vulgar. Low men, in mean ſituations, feel no depreſſion in ſpirit, or diminution of character; and conſequently their happineſs is not invaded or wounded:—but thoſe who are illuminated, are momentarily tortured, from ſources which are not perceptible to the ſenſes, or cognizable to the underſtanding of the common herd of human beings. There is nothing more certain, than that we narrow our expectations of bliſs, in proportion as we enlarge the ſphere of our information! In the vulgar haunts of ſociety, each man is labouring to become a greater beaſt than his neighbour; and, to do them juſtice, they are, generally conſidered, very ſucceſsful. Politeneſs is a ſpecies of morality, which, for the well being of each other, cannot be too rigorouſly obſerved. It in ſome degree even irradiates religion; and ripens that intimacy into friendſhip, which would be prematurely interrupted, if not broken, by the wild and excentric irruptions of coarſe manners. No man can ſuffer any unwarrantable liberty to be taken with his perſon, without feeling, in a higher or a leſſer degree, diſguſted: then why ſhould his ſelf-love incline him to imagine, that his neighbour is more patient of inſult than himſelf?

Mr. SOTEL ROBERTS, landſcape painter, is younger brother to the above gentleman: he was originally articled to Mr. *Ivory*, the architect; but, on his emancipation from the obligations of the indenture, he aſſumed his preſent purſuit, and has gained ſome celebrity. He practiſed in London for ſeveral years; and is now engaged in making views of the principal cities and towns in Ireland.

Miſs ROBERTS, ſiſter to the above artiſts, painted landſcapes, and ſeveral ſcenes, for the Theatre at Waterford.

Mr. THOMAS IVORY, architect, was ſelf-educated: the only monument of his ability, is the *Blue-coat Hoſpital*, on Oxmantown-green, Dublin. He died in Dublin, in 1786.

Mr. J. DIXON, metzotinto ſcraper, was originally a ſilver engraver in Dublin; he ſtudied at the Dublin Academy; but, diſdaining his menial trammels, he went to London, and ſurpriſed the admiring world with his exquiſite engraving of Mr. *Garrick*, in Richard the Third, after *Dance*. He has married a lady of fortune, and the Arts have loſt a primary ornament and profeſſor.

Mr. THOMAS BURKE, engraver in metzotinto and chalk, was born in Dublin: he was the pupil of Mr. *Dixon*. This gentleman is much applauded for the ſoft and beautiful tone of his prints; and is ſo much a favourite with *Angelica Kauffman*, that ſhe ſtipulates, as frequently as occaſions offer, that he ſhall copy her pictures.

NATHANIEL HONE, R. A. was a native of Ireland, and principally formed his own manner, which betrayed neither the poſſeſſion of taſte, or any eminent talent whatever, on the part of the artiſt. He died in London in 1784.

This gentleman ſhould be almoſt excluſively arranged as a portrait painter, as he painted but two hiſtorical compoſitions. The firſt was a ſatire on monkiſh licentiouſneſs; and the other was the exhibition of a pictorial conjuror, diſplaying his cleverneſs in the arts of deceiving the ſight. This laſt performance was intended as an expoſition of the manœuvring, in reſpect to attitudes, which was ſo attributable to Sir *Joſhua Reynolds*. This vindictive effort was ſent by its parent to the annual exhibition; but was rejected by the Academicians with becoming ſcorn, as the iſſue of a little mind, and powers of fancy moſt ſcandalouſly directed.

I never ſaw a portrait of Mr. *Hone*, that deſerved to live in the memory of a judicious obſerver: his colouring was coarſe and inartificial, and his contour undetermined and ſlovenly: his beſt production in this way, was his half-length of the late Sir John Fielding.

In the earlier part of Mr. *Hone*'s life, he contrived to make his way by becoming an erratic portrait painter. He bought a horſe in Smithfield, in the Spring; and, when he had journied through the finer part of the year, he diſpoſed of it again on his return to the metropolis. He was accuſtomed to ride up to the beſt inn in a town, and beg to dine with the family. If there were any children, he began his operations in flattering the feelings of the mother, by praiſing the exceeding beauty of Maſter or Miſs. This eulogy was followed by an enquiry, if their *pictures* had been drawn: which, if ſucceeded by a negative, he immediately diſcloſed his profeſſion, and offered his ſervices—the portmanteau was unpacked, and the operations began; while the fond and partial parents hung in rapture over his ſhoulder: the lady exclaiming at intervals, "Well, I proteſt, that is the very model of our Bobby! how charmingly his eyes are done! and then, huſband, how *natural* is the frill round his ſweet neck!—Lord, Sir! I vow you ſhall do me too, and all the reſt." Thus he made his eſtabliſhment ſecure, and gave general ſatisfaction, by offending truth and outraging taſte; making the children as angels, the mother as a Venus, and the huſband as a well-fed Job, in a brown perriwig!

There

There is an abſurd ſpecies of prejudice very prevalent among our modern portrait painters, which ſhould be reſiſted and completely overthrown; it was firſt brought into faſhion by Sir *Joſhua Reynolds*, with ſome introductory charms, and has been ſince rather aped than imitated by ſucceeding artiſts—I mean, the vile cuſtom of labouring to give an air of dignity to mean perſonages. This, it muſt be confeſſed, may pleaſe the vain worthleſs animal thus depicted: but, is it not ſacrificing general truth to perſonal vanity?—is it not giving a falſe portrait to poſterity?—is it not an inefficient and vile attempt, to bear falſe witneſs againſt the will of Omnipotence, by doing all within the circle of their narrow ability, to counteract the adminiſtration of Providence, and give the lie direct on canvas to what is, and what cannot be eſſentially mended, by making thoſe tall who are ſhort, thoſe lively in aſpect who are unpleaſing, thoſe graceful who are ludicrouſly aukward; and, in ſhort, conſtructing that man as an *Antinous*, and that woman as an *Hebe*, who have been ſo unkindly dealt with by Nature, as to have a grovelling ſpirit, incaſed in a frame leſs perfect than thoſe forming the common orders of humanity?

There is no licenſe in the art to juſtify ſuch meretricious meaſures. A poet may be licentious in the ramifications and leſſer inſtruments of his art; but a portrait painter, like an hiſtorian, ſhould be rigorouſly juſt, and ſyſtematically pure: if they are defective in theſe qualifications, or remiſs in their application, they are not equal to the ſerious duties of their ſituation. The fancy may be indulged in every province of the art, but this; and in this the imagination muſt ſleep, and totally give way to the viſion and the judgment, acting in a friendly connection towards the eſtabliſhment of a phyſical truth.

JOHN BUTTS was a native of Cork: he painted figures and landſcapes. This author is conſidered as one of the moſt brilliant artiſts that Ireland ever brought forth: he was accuſtomed to paint the groteſque aſſemblage uſually viſible in alehouſes, upon bits of board; and which he performed in a manner little inferior to *Teniers*. He worked for ſeveral ſeaſons as ſcene-painter to Crow-ſtreet Theatre, Dublin, when under the management of Mr. *Barry*. The diſtreſſes of this ingenious man were ſo great, that he was occaſionally compelled to paint ſigns and coach pannels, to procure food and raiment for himſelf and a numerous family.

PHILIP HUSSEY, portrait painter of whole-lengths, in oil, was a native of Cork, and began his career as a mariner. He was ſhip-wrecked five times: he evinced his diſpoſition for the Polite Arts, by drawing the figures from the ſterns of veſſels. It was remarked, that he was the moſt ſlovenly painter in Ireland, with the neateſt apparatus. He was particularly noticed and protected by *Lord Chancellor Bowes*. His houſe, on every Sunday morning,

morning, was the rendezvous of the *literati* and painters of Dublin, who there ſat in judgment upon the relative occurrences of the week. He was a botaniſt, florift, and muſician. I have paſſed many evenings with him in his kitchen; where he has informed me by his diſcourſe, and improved me by his manners. He evinced to the latter period of his being, all that bland ſimplicity and ſuavity which characteriſed man, before Envy and Fraud were paſſions. He died at an advanced age, at his houſe in Earl-ſtreet, Dublin, in 1782, lamented by all who had the felicity to know him. He abſtained from ſpeaking of his own works as much as poſſible: but egotiſm is the vice of little minds: no man, who knows himſelf, will feel inclined to praiſe his agency.

With regard to the celebrated *artiſts* of every denomination, anecdotes of their infancy are generally related, to prove their very early predilection for the ſciences in which they afterwards excelled. This is the caſe particularly with painters and muſicians. Thus *Handel* loved to ſtrum, and even attempted to conſtruct an organ, when a boy; and *Gainſborough** and *Lawrence*,

* THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R. A. was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, in 1727, and died in Pall-Mall, on the firſt of Auguſt, 1788, aged 61. The cauſe of his death was a wen in his neck, which grew internally, and became eventually cancerous. His remains were interred at Kew.

Mr. *Gainſborough* being born under diſadvantageous circumſtances, was compelled to refer to Nature for tuition and example: he had no profeſſional maſter, and conſequently formed a manner of his own; which was probably more pure, from his being uncontaminated with a bad manner, which often flows among painters, like hereditary raſcallity from ſire to ſon, and maſter to diſciple, without end. He quitted Sudbury in his thirteenth year, and came to London; where he entered himſelf as a ſtudent at the old academy for Deſign, in Saint Martin's-lane; and, under the friendly guidance of Mr. *Gravelot*, became in ſome degree acquainted with the human figure: but, marrying when young, his neceſſities forced him to return to Ipſwich, in Suffolk, where he practiſed for ſeveral years; and then removed to Bath. In that emporium of credulity, idleneſs, vice, and pride, he extended his reputation as a landſcape painter; and had the temerity to commence portrait painter. In 1774 he reviſited the capital; under the hope of rivalling Sir *Joſhua Reynolds*, when his powers were at their zenith. Among other whole-lengths which he executed, was one of the King, which is now depoſited at Buckingham-Houſe; and a more oppreſſive, gaudy, ill drawn, mawkiſh figure, has ſeldom been expoſed to obſervation.

As a colouriſt, he ſhould be ſeparately conſidered, as a landſcape painter and a portrait painter. In his landſcapes he has frequently ſurpaſſed all living competition, except *Wilſon*; who ſaw nature with a more decided viſion than *Gainſborough*, and painted more immediately from his own comprehenſion. Mr. *Gainſborough* occaſionally borrowed his primary objects from *Wynants*, *Watteau*, and *Ruyſdael*; and ſeemed willing to ſteal from all, when he could do it with what he thought appropriate ſubtlety. Some of his overweening flatterers have affected to aver, that he copied the tranſparent brilliancy of *Vandyke* in his portraits with eminent ſucceſs. But this was not the caſe, unleſs an undetermined dabbing, ſtroky, ſcratchy, thunder and lightning manner, can be aſſimilated with the captivations of that illuſtrious Fleming.

I think,

rence, in their moſt juvenile days, afforded extraordinary ſpecimens of their powers in the graphic art. *Zofanny* too, when very young, is ſaid to have exhibited equal delight and ſkill in the exerciſe of the pencil. *Query.* Do theſe inſtances prove that, as the multitude believe, there is ſuch a thing as *innate* genius for any particular art or ſcience? or is it, that the human mind is never more diſpoſed towards excellence in one purſuit than another, but as circumſtances happen to produce the predilection? and that, when theſe circumſtances do accidentally preſent

I think, if his portraits involved the periſhable qualities imputable to thoſe of the dead Preſident, that their fading into nothingneſs would not be ſo injurious to his memory as their preſervation. His portraits of ladies were all ſo vermillioned on the cheek, as to look like varniſhed puppets, and not the beauties of Britain, "whoſe red and white, Nature's own ſweet and cunning hand laid on."

Thoſe perſons who are denominated as the Maſters of our national ſchools, have at leaſt the *apparent* diffidence, of *not* relying upon themſelves; as their works generally combine a portion of the manner of preceding painters;—but, unluckily, that portion is ſo ill ſelected, as to be among the worſt parts of the example. Our R. A's poſſeſs ſo little gallantry, as to treat NATURE moſt contemptuouſly; they delineate *dolls* for women, and *ſtatues* for men; and their unnatural children have been ſo ill treated by the authors of their being, that, like the Cherubim and Seraphim, they *ſhould* continually cry!

Mr. *Gainſborough* valued himſelf upon ſtanding farther from his canvaſs, when painting, than any other man; and uſed a longer and a broader pencil than uſual; and ſometimes the light in his apartment was ſo limited, as ſcarcely to render the images viſible. Yet, after all, of what importance is any affectation of and ſingularity in manner, if that medium is not productive of excellence?

The variety of ſilly ways, through which our artiſts ſcramble and flounder, to cover their deficiency of knowledge and talent, is aſtoniſhing. Some affect to paint in this light, and ſome in that light; ſome have it conveyed through a hole, and ſome a blind of paper, and ſome of linen; in order to make the beam of heaven accommodating to their crooked purpoſes. Yet, what is the conſequence of all this ridiculous ſubtlety, when their performances are brought into the unſophiſticated luminouſneſs of day? *Rubens*, *Titian*, and other great maſters in colouring, did not want to ſee Nature through the medium of a miſt, either real or artificial, to recommend their efforts; they deſigned what they ſaw clearly, and what every other perſon ſaw clearly, who had an umblemiſhed viſion; and by ſuch direct conduct had nothing to apprehend from the ſcrutiny of a ſtrong light; but had their fame ſtrengthened in proportion as their works were examined. Whoever paints to the mind will eventually ſucceed; and no one muſt be diſcouraged in the purſuit, becauſe he meets with contradictory opinions as to the firſt and moſt alluring objects in his picture; as moſt perſons, eſpecially the uneducated, ſee differently; and to obey the capricious and unſettled humours of each, would be to ſacrifice every thing that is juſt and noble in the art. An artiſt ſhould calmly hear the opinions of all; but reſerve it for the adoption of his future thought, how far he will, or will not, alter his deſign;—and he can ſcarcely heſitate too much, as the firſt thoughts are, generally ſpeaking, more vigorous than thoſe conceived and born, after the imagination and the judgment had been forced into action, and generated in obedience to the wiſhes of a cold obſerver.

ſent themſelves, and the early inclination which has been thus excited, is cultivated by habit, and leads to excellence, a perſon is conſidered as being proved to have been *born* for ſuch or ſuch an art, by the early tendency which he manifeſted towards it, and his ſubſequent ſucceſs?

WALTER ROBERTSON, miniature painter, is the ſon of a jeweller in Dublin. He was conſidered as the firſt profeſſor of his department of the Arts in Ireland, for ſeveral years.

CHARLES ROBERTSON, miniature painter, is the younger brother of the above artiſt; he gained much celebrity for his extreme neatneſs of finiſhing his portraits; and was, in conſequence, peculiarly encouraged by the beauties of the Iriſh capital.

ROBERT HUNTER, portrait painter in oils, was born in Ulſter; ſtudied principally under Mr. *Pope*, ſenior. He was arranged as the firſt limner in his nation, until the arrival of Mr. *Home* from England: whoſe better fortune, more than his ſuperior merits, eclipſed his renown.

ROBERT HOME, portrait painter in oils, ſtudied under Mrs. *A. Kauffman*; is the ſon of an apothecary in London. He went to Ireland, under the protection of the late High Chancellor, Lord *Lifford*; Dr. *Clements*, the Vice Provoſt of Dublin Univerſity; and Mr. *R. Jephſon*; where he met with unparalleled ſucceſs. He returned to London in 1789, from whence he ſailed to the Eaſt Indies.

WILLIAM DOUGHTY, portrait painter in oils, is a native of England; and ſtudied under Sir *J. Reynolds*, who conſidered him as one of his beſt pupils. He went to Ireland at the ſame period with Mr. *Home*; but did not ſucceed, although highly recommended by his maſter, and poſſeſſing greater ability than his more fortunate rival. He returned to London, exceedingly diſpirited; from whence he took ſhipping for Bengal, but died on his paſſage. This gentleman ſcraped ſome admirable metzotinto portraits; among which, thoſe of the Rev. Mr. *Maſon* and Dr. *Johnſon* were the moſt perfect.

MARTIN SHEE, portrait painter in oils, is the ſon of a merchant in Dublin: he ſtudied at the Dublin Academy; and, as a painter, may be claſſed as ſelf-taught. He practiſed in crayons, in his native city, with much reputation, before he was matured into manhood. He arrived in London in 1788, where he applied himſelf exclufively to oil painting. This gentleman has excited the higheſt expectations in all who know him; as, added to his genius and induſtry, he is a ſcholar, a muſician, and a philoſopher.

THOMAS CHAMBERS, engraver, ſtudied drawing and engraving in Dublin and in Paris: he worked in London for ſeveral years, and lived in Little Saint Martin's-lane; and was

occaſionally the aſſiſtant of Mr. *Grignion*. His principal work was the death of Marſhal Turenne. He died in London about the year 1792. A few days previous to his demiſe, his landlord importuned him for his rent; which, not being able to diſcharge, it ſo affected his mind, that he quitted his apartment the enſuing morning, and left the following note upon his table, directed to his creditor—"If I ſhould not return by to-morrow night, I "deſire that you will ſell my effects, and pay yourſelf." Poor *Chambers* did not return; and his body was found floating near Batterſea a few days poſterior to the notice.

This ill-ſtarred man executed ſeveral large plates for Mr. *Alderman Boydell:* among which *Saint Martin dividing his Cloak*; and *Drunken Bacchanals*, after *Michael Angelo Caravagio*, are the moſt excellent. This artiſt had more freedom of ſtroke in his manner than any other Iriſh engraver; but he did not draw ſo correctly as every one ſhould, who is ſo bold and ſo decided in manner; as, in ſuch a ſtile, there are fewer ſubterfuges to conceal a paucity of neceſſary knowledge.

I have frequently heard, but never without concern, various artiſts make illiberal comments upon the diſpoſition of Mr. *Boydell*, which I do not think he deſerves. The difference between one who patroniſes the polite Arts from the love of exceeding ingenuity, and him who encourages them from the hope of mixing the love of the artiſt with the love of himſelf, is very wide. Until Mr. *Boydell* became a print-merchant, the works of our engravers did not conſtitute a material part of our commerce, nor were their names generally circulated or known upon the Continent; and, as it is to his ſagacity, induſtry, and protection that ſo many dependants upon the arts are indebted for their perſonal comforts, I cannot avoid believing that their cenſures are too frequently inapplicable, and their contumacy impolitic. Before the graphic tribes give a looſe to their envenomed arguments, I would recommend it to them to conſider duly, who could ſerve their limited intereſts better. If Mr. *Boydell* fails in any of his magnificent undertakings, it muſt ariſe from the deficiency of profeſſional excellence among us, and not from the want of encouragement on his part. It is evident, from a review of his Shakſpeare gallery, that he is willing to foſter every riſing artiſt whoſe ability juſtifies his kindneſs: their ſeveral works are equally well arranged; and if the ardour for triumph cannot force them to be capitally meritorious, the failure is imputable to their confined faculties, and not to the want of munificence in their employer. Extreme irritation ſeems as the inſeparable accompaniment of genius in every province; and, as Envy is conſtantly ready to work upon the tone of that irritability, we ſhould not be highly ſurpriſed when the diſappointed murmur, and the competitors jar in their deſires.

— PERCY,

—— PERCY, a native of Ireland, practiſed as a modeller of likeneſſes in wax, in Dublin and London.

MICHAEL KANE, a native of Dublin, ſtudied at the Academy under Mr. *Weſt*, and practiſed miniature painting in Dublin and London. He was originally a pupil to Mr. *Smith*, the Iriſh ſtatuary.

JOSEPH HUTCHINSON, a native of Dublin, ſtudied at the Academy: he was educated as a herald painter; but has recently painted likeneſſes in miniature and crayons, in Dublin and London.

—— SMITH, a ſtatuary, is a native of Ireland, and reſides in Mecklenburgh-ſtreet, Dublin. He executed the figure of Dr. *Lucas*, the Iriſh patriot, which is affixed in the Royal Exchange, Dublin; and the emblematic figures on the new Cuſtom Houſe.

CAPTAIN POITIER, a native of England, practiſed in Dublin, as a painter of animals. Mr. *Johnſtone*, of Covent Garden Theatre, married his daughter. He was the intimate friend of the unfortunate Mr. *Vandergucht*.*

M. I. QUADAL, a native of Moravia: he practiſed in Dublin as a painter of wild beaſts, in 1779. The Dublin Society purchaſed many of his deſigns, which are in a ſtile partaking of the manner of *Snyders* and *Redinger*, for the uſe of the ſtudents of the nation. It is remarked of this gentleman, that he has been employed by more ſovereigns, and travelled into more regions, than any other artiſt living.

JONATHAN TROTTER ſtudied in Rome, and practiſed portrait painting in oil, in Dublin. He married the daughter of Mr.

* Mr. VANDERGUCHT was a painter of middling talents: he had been for ſome weeks employed in repairing and varniſhing the pictures at Burlington Houſe, Chiſwick, for the Duke of Devonſhire. On Tueſday evening, about twilight, he left the Duke's houſe, and took a boat to croſs the Thames to his own houſe, which was on the oppoſite ſide the river. In the boat there were, beſides himſelf, two women and a child.

When the boatman arrived near the oppoſite ſhore, he obſerved a barge, which was coming with the tide, in a direction that was liable to run foul of his veſſel. He hailed a boy that was driving the horſe which drew it, and deſired he would draw it inwards; the boy, not underſtanding the direction, drew it outwards—it ran foul of the boat, and all the paſſengers were left in the water. The boatman, finding the fate of his veſſel inevitable, clung to the barge, and was taken aboard; one of the women ſunk, but the other was ſaved; the infant, unconſcious of danger, floated upon the water, and was taken up. The people on ſhore, who ſaw the accident, immediately ſought for Mr. *Vandergucht*; but did not find his body for two hours; when it appeared that he had, in endeavouring to riſe (for he ſwam very well) ſtruck his head againſt the bottom of either the boat or the barge, and ſtunned himſelf ſo far that he was unable to make any further exertions. By this unlucky accident, periſhed a very worthy man, a very tolerable painter, and an extreme good judge of pictures. He has left a widow and ten children.

Mr. *Hunter*, portrait painter—a lady who poſſeſſes great merit in the ſame purſuit.

JOHN FOSTER, ſtudied at Paris, and practiſes as a landſcape painter in crayons and black chalk.

Miſs FOSTER, his ſiſter, ſtudied in Dublin, and practiſes miniature painting.

JOHN CULLEN, ſon of the box-keeper of Crow-ſtreet Theatre, ſtudied under Mr. *Hugh Hamilton*; and practiſes as a portrait painter in crayons and miniature.

LUKE SULLIVAN, engraver, and painter in miniature, was born in the county of Louth: he flouriſhed in 1750, and poſſeſſed the friendſhip of Sir *Joſhua Reynolds* and Mr. *Hogarth**. He is ſaid to have been the ſon of one of the grooms of the Duke of Beaufort. His firſt employment was in the ſtables; but ſhewing ſtrong marks of a genius for drawing, he was placed as an apprentice with *Major*. He engraved *the March to Finchley Common*, from Hogarth; for which he received only one hundred pounds. Hogarth drew his portrait in the character of *the Angel*, in the print of *Paul before Felix*, in the Dutch taſte. *Sullivan* afterwards applied himſelf to miniature painting, and met with great ſucceſs: but, being much addicted to women, his chief practice lay among the girls of the town: and indeed he reſided almoſt entirely

* The following characters of Sir *Joſhua Reynolds* and *William Hogarth*, are copied from MSS. by the Rev. Mr. *Granger*; and were kindly communicated to me by Mr. *Richardſon*, of York-Houſe, in the Strand.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—No portrait painter ever poſſeſſed a greater fund of invention; all his pictures are varied in their attitudes and characters. He catches the moſt advantageous likeneſs; and approaches, as near as the fidelity of his art will admit, to *ideal* beauty. His portraits of ladies are ſometimes ſo charming, that we, for a moment, loſe the familiar idea of the woman, in her elevation to a Muſe, a Grace, or a Goddeſs. His diſcourſes to the Royal Academy ſhew how worthy he was to be at the head of it; his language is as ſimple as juſt; and as beautifully varied as his outline; and as free from coarſeneſs and falſe glare as his colouring;—he writes like a philoſopher as well as an artiſt.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.—There is nothing can be more ſimilar, than the work of engraving is to literary compoſition. I will illuſtrate this propoſition by the works of Mr. *Hogarth*; who, in my humble opinion, is the only truly original author which this age has produced in England. There is hardly any character of an excellent author, which is not juſtly applicable to his works. What compoſition—what variety—what ſentiment—what fancy, invention, and humour, we diſcover in all his performances! In every one of them an entertaining hiſtory, a natural deſcription of characters, and an excellent moral. I can read his works over and over—*Horace*'s characteriſtic of excellency in writing—"*decies repetita placebit;*" and every time I peruſe them, I diſcover new beauties, and feel freſh entertainment. Can I ſay more in commendation of the literary compoſition of a *Butler* or a *Swift?* There is great authority for this parallel; as it is borrowed from *Lord Gardenſton*'s ſpeech in the deciſion of the Court of Seſſion, in Scotland, upon the queſtion of literary property.

tirely at taverns and brothels. This courſe of life brought on a decline, of which he died. He was an excellent draftſman, particularly in landſcapes. Among other things, we have by him, *The Temptation of Saint Anthony*, a middle-ſized plate, lengthways, from *Teniers*; and various views of gardens, landſcapes, &c. [STRUTT's Dictionary of Engravers.]

EDWARD HODGSON, a native of Dublin, painted fruit and flowers, in water colours, with much addreſs. He died in Great Newport-ſtreet, London, in 1794, aged ſeventy-five years. This gentleman had the appointment of Treaſurer to the Aſſociated Artiſts of Great Britain.

——— HUDSON, reſided in Capel-ſtreet, Dublin, about the year 1766. He was remarkable for introducing a new ſpecies of ornament, by painting birds and flowers on an embоſſed or raiſed paper; which he effected by uſing copper plates, chaced with particular figures; in the cavities of which he impreſſed moiſtened paper, and coloured them when dry.

——— RILEY, a miniature painter in water colours: he was pupil to Mr. *Hudſon*: he lived and died in Grafton-ſtreet, Dublin, in 1780. A few years previous to his demiſe, he painted ſome hiſtorical pieces in oil colours, in which he failed of the required ſucceſs.

JOHN BLOOMFIELD, a miniature painter, pupil to Mr. *Weſt*: he was born in Ship-ſtreet, Dublin.

——— WEST, the firſt maſter of the Hiſtorical department in the national Academy for Deſign in Dublin: he was the ſon of an Alderman of Waterford, and ſtudied in Paris under *Vanloo* and *Boucher*. He principally excelled in his drawings of the human figure in chalk and crayons, but could never embody a ſubject: he eſtabliſhed the firſt Academy for Deſign in Ireland, in Shaw's-court, Dame-ſtreet, Dublin; but the above mentioned appointment is dependent on an annual election in the Dublin Society for Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. This gentleman was ſuperceeded for ſeveral years, in conſequence of a mental infirmity, by Mr. *Ennis*, one of his pupils; but he was reinſtated afterwards, and died poſſeſſing the ſituation. This fecund parent, or rather foſter-father of the Arts in Ireland, had no imagination. Whenever he hatched an hiſtorical idea, it was by ſitting upon the eggs of another. To him, Taſte and Sentiment were merely nominal, as the Deity never aſſigned to either any influence over his underſtanding:—he had no idea of any ſcience which did not preſent a palpable and general fact: he had no diſpoſition for reſearches; or to develope the conſtituent parts of beauty. I have heard the late Mr. *Moſer** mention his academic figures in terms of high commendation.

FRANCIS

* MICHAEL MOSER, R. A. was a native of Switzerland, and originally a brazier

FRANCIS ROBERT WEST, his eldeſt ſon, ſucceeded his father as maſter of the Academy; in which ſtate he remains.—This gentleman draws the human figure almoſt as correctly as his father: he has executed ſeveral hiſtorical ſubjects in chalk and crayons; but has a very imperfect knowledge of the harmony of colours.

FREDERICK PLOWMAN, was born in John's-lane, Dublin: he ſtudied in the Academy, and painted portraits in oils, crayons, and miniature.

ROBERT HAYLEY was a pupil of the elder *Weſt*; he drew cattle, and the human likeneſs, in black and white chalk, in a manner entirely his own: he died in Dublin, about the year 1770. His principal drawings are now in the poſſeſſion of the *Earl of Moira* and the *Earl of Mornington*; and are proverbial for their exquiſite ſoftneſs;—they look like fine proof prints of the moſt capital metzotinto engravings.

JAMES GWINN, painter and draftſman, was born in the county of Kildare. I never could aſcertain that he had any maſter: he came to London about the year 1755. The hiſtory of the Artiſts, perhaps, furniſhes nothing more excentric than the movements of this extraordinary man. In purſuance of a determination he had made, to retire, as much as poſſible, from all mortal communication, he took a lodging at an alehouſe called the Three Tuns, in the Broad Sanctuary, Weſtminſter; where he literally ſecluded himſelf from the world, and devoted all the time he could ſpare from that avocation on which the means of his ſubſiſtence depended, to a ſtudy of the occult ſciences. His mathematical apparatus was worth ſeveral hundred pounds: he lodged at this *cabaret* during the laſt coronation; when an accident occurred, which rendered him nearly inconſolable. His hoſt had erected a ſcaffold, for ſpectators, before Mr. *Gwinn*'s window; when, from the tumult and buſtle of the crowd,

a brazier and copper-ſmith. When young, he travelled to London, and commenced the profeſſion of a chacer: in which he eventually ſurpaſſed every competitor. He modelled and chaced the great ſeal of England, which was ſtolen a few years ſince, and about which Rumour was ſo pleaſant in her attacks upon the poverty of the Whigs.

At the formation of the Royal Academy, this gentleman was elected an Academician, and made Keeper; a ſituation which he filled with becoming addreſs. He was ſucceeded, in this department, on his demiſe, by Mr. *Carlini*; who was ſucceeded by Mr. *Richards*.

At the commencement of this inſtitution, it was uſual, on the diſtribution of the prize medals, to carry the drawings and models to Buckingham Houſe, for the approval of their Majeſties: but, at the finiſhing of Somerſet-place, the King and Queen came there. On one of theſe occaſions, the Queen viſited Mr. *Moſer* in his apartment, and made him ſit down with her; and they diſcourſed, in what he called *Yarman*, for an hour. This condeſcenſion on the part of the amiable Queen, was the good old Switzer's theme to the laſt day of his exiſtence, and his mode of exultation at the event was whimſical in the extreme.

crowd, a bottle was broke, which contained a large old favorite viper, which had been the only companion of his ſolitary moments for many months. No language was adequate to the declaration of his deſpair at that event; he equally curſt the covetouſneſs of of his landlord, and the curioſity of the compapy; for it ſhould be known, that the acclamations, novelty, grandeur, and pageantry of that ſuperb ſcene, had no attraction for him; nor would he have ſtirred from his elbow chair, to have beheld the triumphant entry of the ſon of Philip into Babylon. This odd adventure was terminated by a boxing match between a gentleman and himſelf in his own chamber, as Mr. *Gwinn* had taken ſome indecent liberty with his opponent's wife; up whoſe petticoats he inſiſted the ſtrayed reptile had taken ſhelter.

Shortly after this diſaſter, his hoſt removed to the Buffalo Tavern, Bloomſbury; and Mr. *Gwinn* followed him, with all his undeſcribable moveables, in the night. At this caravanſera the Fates had decreed, that his vital thread ſhould be biſected; but the means they uſed were unworthy of the end. They compelled the feet of his indiſcreet countryman *Charles Spooner*, the engraver, to wander, when tipſy, into the houſe; where, the diſcourſe running upon the ingenious recluſe above ſtairs, *Spooner* engaged, for a wager of a dozen bottles of wine, to bring him down among the company. The mad frolic was attempted; and *Spooner* had contrived, by mimicking the voice of his waſherwoman, to ſeduce him on the outſide of the door; when he inſtantaneouſly ſeized him, and endeavoured to deſcend with him on his ſhoulders; but a ſcuffle enſued, and both the parties rolled down; when *Gwinn* diſengaged himſelf; and, ſkudding up to his den, bolted and locked himſelf within. In a fortnight after this bold intruſion, he was found dead in his apartment; partly, it is ſuppoſed, from his deep chagrin at ſuch an inſult. His food was uniformly carried by the ſervant, and left at his door; and it has frequently happened that he has not ate during twenty-four hours. He died about the year 1766. Some of his drawings were very neat and impoſing, but not true:—he got his livelihood by deſigns for the lids of ſnuff-boxes; which he did for a manufactory at Batterſea, under the direction of Sir *Stephen Theodore Janſen*.

WILLIAM SHERLOCK, engraver, was born in Dublin: he ſtudied at Paris, under *Le Bas:* he was the ſon of *Sherlock*, the celebrated prize-fighter, who oppoſed *Faddi*, the ſtout Hungarian, at *Broughton*'s Amphitheatre, in Tottenham-court-road, before the *Duke of Cumberland*, and many of the nobility and mobility who were amateurs of the ſcience of defence:—his principal work was ſome of the heads, illuſtrative of *Smollet*'s Hiſtory of England: he flouriſhed in 1762.

JAMES HAGARTHY, a portrait painter. This artiſt lived for many years, and died at Hagarthy-hall, Kentiſh-town, near London.

don. He occaſionally amuſed himſelf with decorating or illuminating the outſides of houſes. He was a great humouriſt, but a worthy man.

JAMES TURNER, portrait painter;—this ingenious gentleman invented a new colour, called the patent yellow; which has been eminently productive to him, and beneficial to ſociety.

GILES KING, engraver, a native of England; he reſided in Dublin; where he engraved views of the Salmon-leap, and the Water-fall in the county of Wicklow.

PATRICK HALPEN, engraver;—this gentleman was the only native engraver in ſtroke living in Ireland during my reſidence there; which was from the year 1778 to 1786: he executed the geometrical elevation of the Parliament-houſe, in Dublin; but was principally employed in doing the *vignettes* and frontiſpieces for the bookſellers in the capital, in their pirated editions of Britiſh literature.

ROWLAND OMER, made ſeveral views of buildings in Dublin and Ireland; which have been engraved by *Mazell* and others.

W. N. GARDINER, engraver in chalk, was born in Ireland, but practiſed in London: he was the pupil of *Bernard Reading*; and engaged in the illuſtration of *Harding*'s Shakeſpear, and the Memoirs of Count Grammont: he is now ſtudying theology at the Univerſity of Cambridge.

——— HAYDON, engraver. I cannot aſſert that this artiſt ever was in Ireland, although there is much reaſon to believe he was;—he executed ſeveral large plates of the coats of arms, with proper embelliſhments, of all the Iriſh Biſhops. It is rather extraordinary, but this Artiſt's name has not been regiſtered before, by *Strutt*, or any other author.

——— LEWIS, painter of fruit and birds, was born at Glouceſter, in 1753: he was apprenticed to a manufacturer at Birmingham; where he caught his crude ideas of painting, from the japanned and ornamented tea-boards, which are ſo prettily calculated to attract the eyes of young women and children: and, let it be recorded to his high praiſe, that he poſſeſſed an innate taſte and love of truth, which propelled him to overcome ſuch early erroneous taudry habits. From Birmingham he went to Dublin, in 1776; where, on a failure of encouragement, he engaged with Mr. *Michael Arne*, as a vocal performer; and made his *debut*, in the character of *Merlin*, in the romance of *Cymon*, at Crow-ſtreet Theatre. Being unequal to the effrontery and buſtle of the ſtage, he reaſſumed his pencil. At this period he married the daughter of the late Mr. *Pinto*, the celebrated performer on the violin. in 1781 he went to Holland; and from thence revifited London; where he practiſed with inconſiderable ſucceſs. At this point of time, Fortune began to be fatigued

with

with her caprices towards this ſtruggling profeſſor, and impelled the late amiable *Lord Gardenſtone* to viſit him. The conſequence was, a warm invitation to Scotland; where he enjoyed the enviable patronage of that philanthropic nobleman, until the venality and oppreſſion of the times rendered it unfit for ſuch men to exiſt. Poor *Lewis* was ſo affected by the death of his lamented patron, that he pined and died in Edinburgh in 1794. Some of his firſt pieces are ſo well imagined, that they will continue to be in requeſt, while *ſtill life* can awaken admiration.

——— KIVERLEY, a painter and picture dealer, who lived in Ranelagh-road, near Dublin. This extraordinary man made a pedeſtrian journey to Rome, about the year 1738; where he purchaſed a collection of pictures, by the beſt Italian maſters, for the *Earl of Eley*, and other gentlemen. It is preſumed, that an exhibition which he made of theſe pictures in William-ſtreet, Dublin, was a principal excitement to the gentry of Ireland to become, more generally, the lovers of *virtu*. He died at his houſe in Ranelagh-road, in 1789: he was a man of ſingular humour; when he found himſelf ſeized with a mortal diſorder, he ſent for two of his particular friends, and told them, As he had enjoyed their company in the heighday and zenith of his life, he was determined they ſhould behold him die; which he did with the moſt exemplary firmneſs; treating death as an event of no conſideration; and he gave up his ſpirit, like *Rabelais*, with a jeſt.

JAMES WORSDALE, portrait painter in oils, was an Engliſhman; he ſtudied under *Sir Godfrey Kneller*, and married his relation. In the beginning of his manhood he went to Ireland; where he met with more ſucceſs as an artiſt than he deſerved; but his poignant table chat and conviviality begat him many admirers, among whom *Lord Blayney* ſtood the moſt conſpicuous. It was his cuſtom, when a portrait was finiſhed, and not paid for, to chalk the ſurface over with interſected lines, which conveyed the appearance of the ſubject being in priſon; and this was exhibited continually in his painting room, until ſhame or pride induced the parties concerned to liberate the effigy, by paying the artiſt. I have heard it was him who introduced the practice of demanding one-half of the general ſum, at the firſt ſitting. His talents as a painter were inconſiderable. He was appointed maſter-painter to the Board of Ordnance, through the influence of *Sir Edward Walpole*; who had been accuſed of a deteſtable crime; but *Worſdale* diſcovered the conſpiracy againſt his patron's honor; and by great addreſs and inceſſant pains brought the delinquents to juſtice. To effect this, he lodged on Saffron-hill, as a hay-maker, from Munſter; and in the Mint, Southwark, as the widow of a recruiting ſerjeant, from Sligo.

He wrote many ſongs, and ſome dramatic pieces; and among the reſt, *Taſte*, which has been attributed to *Samuel Foote*. He

died in London, June 13, 1767, and was buried at Saint Paul's, Covent Garden.

FRANCIS WHEATLEY, R. A. For an account of this artiſt, *vide* MEMOIRS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMICIANS, p. 135.

CHARLES MACKENZIE, landſcape painter in oils, ſtudied under *Manning*.

WILLIAM SADLER, hiſtorical painter, was the ſon of a profeſſor of muſic, and, I believe, born in England: he ſtudied at the Dublin Academy, under Mr. *Weſt*, ſenior: it was his good fortune to be patroniſed by the eſtimable family of *Latouche*, who are the zealous friends of virtue and merit, whenever they come within their cognizance. He painted ſome portraits in oil, and miniature; but his more recent works were in *chiaro oſcuro*, which he did for Mr. *Sproule*, an architect. He ſcraped ſeveral mezzotinto prints; the principal of which, was a likeneſs of Mr. *Kemble*, in the *Count of Narbonne*. He died in Dublin about ſix years ſince; but his end was as melancholy, as his powers were admirable.

—— SPROULE, an architect, built ſeveral houſes for the nobility and gentry.

MARK WHITE, miniature painter, ſtudied at the Dublin Academy: he was originally a merchant, in Fleet-ſtreet, Dublin; but, being unfortunate in his commercial connections, commenced artiſt; he practiſed at Cork in 1757.

JAMES WILDER, a painter of landſcapes and figures, was born in New-ſtreet, Covent Garden, in 1724. He firſt appeared in public at Covent Garden Theatre, in 1749, as a vocal performer, during the management of Mr. *Rich*, in the ballad farce of the *Gentleman Gardiner*; from which *Bickerſtaff* borrowed his opera of *Love in a Village*; and is the only living actor who performed in the tragedy of *Lady Jane Grey*; which was publicly repreſented in the following year, before the Royal Family, for their immediate edification;—as the ſame piece was afterwards enacted at Leiceſter Houſe, in Leiceſter-fields, by the young princes and princeſſes; and in which his preſent Majeſty played the part of *Dudley*. In the year 1751 he removed to Drury-lane Theatre, under Mr. *Garrick*. In 1754 he voluntarily ſung, at a concert at the Three Tuns inn, in the Borough, for the benefit of the unfortunate *Theodore*, king of Corſica, then a priſoner in this metropolis. He went to Dublin, in 1756, to join Mr. *Sheridan's* company, at Smock-alley Theatre. This gentleman's ſubſequent conduct to Mr. *Meſſop* indeared him to every lover of the Drama, and admirer of human integrity. He quitted the ſtage, with an appropriate addreſs, written by Mr. *Whyte*, of Dublin, April 5, 1788. This veteran of the ſock is now in London, where he has acquired much reputation as a picture cleaner: he derived his knowledge of this art from a capital ſource, as he was the pupil of Mr. *Walton*; who was conſidered the moſt ſkilful man in that department

department in the world: he had the care of what is termed the King's closet—a situation which Mr. *West* now occupies: he had apartments in Old Somerset House; and was the son of that Mr. *Walton*, mentioned in the last edition of *De Pile*'s Lives of the Painters.

THOMAS WOGAN, miniature painter, studied at the Dublin Academy, under Mr. *F. R. West*: he practised both in Dublin and London, and acquired much reputation in his profession. He died in Dublin, in 1780.

JAMES GANDON, architect, is a native of England, and the pupil of *Sir William Chambers*: he was invited to Ireland, to build the New Custom House: he has since resided in that country, and raised the edifices of the Four Courts of Justice, Carlisle bridge, and other structures; all which are executed with considerable taste, and some magnificence.

——— GANDON, junior, architect, who acts as an assistant to his father.

——— WILLIAMS, portrait painter in oils, and engraver, was a native of England: he executed many portraits in Ireland; and was in the issue scene painter to Smock-alley Theatre, in 1756, when under the guidance of Mr. *Sheridan*.

——— CLAY, landscape and scene painter; he worked for Mr. *Sheridan* at the same period.

——— JOLLY, landscape and scene painter; worked for Smock-alley Theatre, when governed by Mr. *Mossop*.

——— BAMFORD, landscape and scene painter; was similarly situated.

——— WHITMORE, landscape and scene painter, worked alternately at the rival Theatres, for *Mossop* and *Ryder*.

——— BIGARI, historical and landscape painter, was a native of Italy: he painted some particular scenery for Crow-street Theatre, when under *Ryder*'s management.

——— BARBER, a portrait painter in oils: he flourished in Dublin, and the north of Ireland, about 1750.

JAMES PEARSON, a painter on glass; was born in Dublin; he learned the principles of his art at the glass-house, in Bristol: he executed the painted window, over the altar, in Aldersgate church, London; and many pieces, after designs by Mr. *Barry*. He married the daughter of Mr. *Paterson*, an auctioneer for books; and the most perfect and scientific that perhaps ever practised in England.

When this meritorious gentleman lived in Church-street, Westminster, it was his luckless fate, as it has been of many good, and great, and ingenious men, to be *minus* in the cash account of some obdurate varlet; who roughly called to his immediate assistance the aid of *John Doe* and *Richard Roe*; when Mr. *Pear-*

ſon, having notice of his danger, immured himſelf: but thoſe harpies or underſtrappers of the law, ycleped bailiffs, procured admittance through his neighbour's houſe; which Mr. ——— knowing, ruſhed armed into the garden; and, when the dire catchpole was ſtriding on the wall, he pulled him violently over by the leg; and, holding a piſtol to his mouth, literally made him chew and ſwallow the writ; and then politely led him to the ſtreet door, where he admoniſhed him, and bade him depart.

——— TOMS, portrait painter in oils, was a native of England. This artiſt painted the drapery for Sir *Joſhua Reynolds*, and was conſidered as the moſt perfect auxiliary, in that department of painting, that exiſted in his time. He was the ſon of Mr. *Toms*, the engraver; and practiſed in Ireland about the year 1773.

——— JARVIS, a painter on glaſs, practiſed originally in Dublin; and was much indebted for his chymical knowledge to the late Dr. *Cunningham*, of that city. On his arrival in London, he was employed by Sir *Joſhua Reynolds*, and Mr. *Weſt*, to illuſtrate their deſigns on glaſs; and his ſuperb works at Oxford and Windſor will perpetuate his fame.

——— TASSIE, a copier of antique gems; commenced his profeſſional exertions in Dublin; and was much improved by the chymical ſuggeſtions of Dr. *Cunningham*. This artiſt is now reſident in London.

HENRY SPICER, miniature painter, is a native of Ruphem, in Norfolk; he ſtudied under Mr. *Spencer*, a painter in enamel; and went to Dublin in 1776; where he painted the portraits of the moſt eminent perſonages in that kingdom. This gentleman is remarkable for the force and impreſſion of his likeneſſes.

JOHN HICKEY, ſtatuary; a native of Dublin, and pupil to Mr. *Cranfield*, a carver in wood. After practiſing in his native city with ſucceſs, he came to London, and was patroniſed by Mr. *Edmund Burke* and Sir *Joſhua Reynolds*:—he made a compoſition, in *baſſo relievo*, for the gold medal at the Royal Academy, which he obtained. The ſubject was *Herod's Cruelty*; and the execution was much admired, as involving an uncommon portion of originality and truth in an artiſt ſo young. He died at an early age, a few years ſince, in London; where his intemperance aboliſhed his powers, and eclipſed his glory.

——— LOGAN, ſeal engraver, ſtudied in Dublin: this artiſt is eſteemed as the moſt perfect in his department in Ireland;—he was recently appointed as ſeal engraver to the Lord Lieutenants of that kingdom.

——— HALPEN, junior, ſon of Mr. *Halpen*, the engraver, ſtudied under Mr. *F. R. Weſt*; painted portraits in miniature in Dublin and London. This ſpirited adventurer commenced his publicity, by appearing on the Crow-ſtreet Theatre, Dublin; but,

but, failing in the ſcenic attempt, he croſſed the channel to Holyhead, and re-invoked the patronage of St. Luke.

WILLIAM PETERS, R. A. vide *Memoirs of the Royal Academicians*, page 94.

HUGH DOUGLASS HAMILTON, portrait painter in crayons and oils; ſtudied drawing under Mr. *James Manning*:—he ſtruck out a manner of his own, by blending the crayons and chalk in his portraits, which produced an happy effect: he went to Rome in 1778, and returned to his native country ſome years after. I have ſeen ſome whole-lengths by this artiſt; but they did not anſwer my deſire or my expectation; but his heads are ſpirited, and near the truth. He is now in Dublin, painting likeneſſes in oils. Mr. *Hamilton* produced a brilliancy in his heads, which has never been equalled by any of his numerous imitators; but he did not know myology ſufficiently to connect the human frame well. The modern artiſts are too much wedded to the ſtudy of plaiſter models: they do not contemplate the living model ſufficiently: they ſhould recollect, that the immediate outline of the frame and limbs is dependent on the circulation of the blood and juices; and that a limb, denied the advantage of circulation, becomes flaccid, and unhandſome; and that thoſe limbs are moſt ſwelled with luſtihood, which are moſt exerciſed: and, to pourtray all this effect, they muſt ſtudy the beautiful variations of life; and not depend, for their ſupport in delineation, upon their remembrance of the contour of ſtatues.

SOLOMON WILLIAMS, hiſtorical and portrait painter, was born in Dublin; ſtudied at the Dublin Academy, and in Rome, and Bologna: he copied moſt of the pictures by *Titian* while in Italy: he is now engaged, in London, combining a large hiſtorical picture, the ſubject of which is the trial of *Algernon Sidney*.

THOMAS MALTON, an Engliſhman. This gentleman formerly kept an upholder's ſhop, oppoſite Beaufort-buildings, in the Strand; he has publiſhed an elaborate treatiſe on the ſubject of perſpective; which involves much inſtruction; but is, in my opinion, more intricate than is neceſſary; it rather tends to make the path of ſcience thorny than flowery: he lived, as a profeſſor of perſpective, in Dublin for ſeveral years.

THOMAS MALTON, junior, reſided in Dublin; where he made ſeveral architectural drawings, which he performed with more accuracy than any of his competitors. This gentleman has painted ſeveral ſcenes of buildings, for Covent Garden Theatre, with ſucceſs; and has publiſhed many views, in *aqua tinta*, of the principal towns in England.

CHARLES MOUNTSTEVEN, was born in the county of Meath; he came to London in 1787, and commenced modeller of wax, in Berner's-ſtreet; which he carried to a greater height

of

of excellence than any other perſon; and although it ſhould be arranged as the moſt inconſiderable department of the fine arts, it is honorable to ſurpaſs competition even thus: he executed a ſuperb head for the late Duke of Orleans, and died on the Continent. I believe he was under many obligations to Mr. *Northcote**.

——— ASHLEY, portrait painter in oils, was a native of England; he ſtudied in Rome, at the ſame period with Sir *Joſhua Reynolds*: he practiſed in Dublin in 1759. After executing many pictures in Ireland, he returned to England, and had the good fortune to marry Lady *Ducking field*, who poſſeſſed an immenſe fortune: he died in Pall-mall, in the ſame houſe which was lately occupied by that emblazoned empiric Dr. *Graham*: he was a painter of that uſual order, who challenge the applauſe of the ignorant, and the charity of the judicious; he had not the firmneſs or the induſtry to become great.

Nature, in her wantonneſs, had moulded his proportions like another *Antinous*; but left his underſtanding half-feathered: his vanity raiſed a vapour in his mind, which hid him from himſelf; he courted an eleemoſynary fame, which led him to imagine, that the exterior of decorum rendered moral ſentiment unneceſſary; he thought that *every* advantage in civil ſociety was compounded in

* JAMES NORTHCOTE, R. A. was a pupil of the late Sir *Joſhua Reynolds*. The moſt perfect pictures that I have ſeen by Mr. *Northcote*, are thoſe which he painted for Mr. *Boydell*'s Shakeſpear Gallery: the ſubjects are, the *Smothering the Young Princes in the Tower*, and the *Putting Out Arthur's Eyes*. In theſe performances there is much to commend; but they do not irreſiſtibly inſpire that terror in the beholder, which is half excited, independent of the artiſt, when he contemplates the perſonification of ſuch horrible ruffians, perpetrating the orders of their abandoned employers, and awakening the wrath of the Almighty.

The fellow in the act of ſmothering the infants is ably conceived: his viſage is made up of thoſe jarring and diſturbed lineaments, which muſt characterize the agent in the commiſſion of a deed of ſupreme guilt; he ſtands confeſſedly as that inexorable ſavage, to whom their agonized mother would exclaim, on beholding his approach,

"Tell me, thou villain, ſlave! where are my children?"

Yet deſigns, like theſe, are not ſufficient teſtimonies, that the artiſt is completely ſuited to the delineation of complicated horror; that proof only can ariſe from the maſterly depiction of a figure, whoſe purpoſes can be noted through the medium of apprehenſion and affection, without the aid of concomitant performers. It would require no common genius to convey the dread ſemblance of the following hell-employed delegate.

——— "The night has, when call'd
In ſecret, riding through the air ſhe comes
Lur'd by the ſmell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
Eclipſes at their charms."

in women and wine: and, acting up to this principle of bliss, he gave his body to *Euphrosyne*, and his intellects to madness. He was as ostentatious as the peacock, and as amorous as the Persian Sophi: he would never stir abroad without his bag and his sword; and, when the beauties of Ierne sat to him for their portraits, he would affect to neglect the necessary implements of his art, and use his naked sword as a moll-stick. Yet, what did all this prove, but a stronger desire to appear singular than wise. An honorable ambition is unconnected with the views of arrogance; and the practice of such ordinary pride only argues a disposition in the doer to exhibit the weakest points of our nature! He had a haram and a bath at the top of his house, replete with every enticement and blandishment to awaken desire; and he thus lived, jocund and thoughtless, until his nerves were unstrung by age; when his spirits decayed with his animal powers, and he sighed and drooped into eternity!

Hercules laid his club at the feet of Iole; Socrates and Aristotle were amorous slaves—one to Hermia, the other to Aspasia; Demosthenes went from Athens to Corinth, for a night's lodging with the Grecian Lais; Caligula, who gave but six thousand sesterces to repair the walls of Rome, gave ten thousand for the furred bordering of his favourite's gown; Phalaris, the tyrant, never refused any thing to the solicitations of beauty; the cruel Dionysius was kind, generous, and gentle to his alluring Myrta; Antenaricus was so enamoured with Pincia, that he cleaned her slippers, while she combed his head; Mark Anthony resigned the dominion of the world for his Cleopatra; and the Fourth Henry of France became a Proteus for his tender Gabrielle. As all these instances are admitted, what does it prove, but that woman was created to enslave, and man to be enslaved? and if this does not apologise for the sensual *Ashley*, the world deserves not an apology.

JOHN O'KEEFE, miniature painter: he studied at the Dublin Academy, and under Mr. *Hudson:* he quitted the polite arts for the stage, and performed, what is termed low comedy, with success in Dublin and London. It may be needless to add, that he is the author of many dramatic pieces.

O'KEEFE, miniature painter, his brother; practised in Dublin and England.

SIMON VIRPILE, statuary, an Englishman; he was pupil to *Scheemaker:* he was invited to Dublin by the *Earl of Charlemont*, to model the ornaments for his Marino.

——— SMITH, statuary, pupil to Mr. *Virpile*; he executed the statue of Dr. *Lucas*, the Irish patriot, and which is affixed in the Royal Exchange, Dublin.

——— FAGAN, statuary, pupil to Mr. *Virpile*; he worked principally under his master.

——— COOLEY,

——— COOLEY, architect, an Engliſhman; he built the Royal Exchange, in Dublin. This gentleman was a paſſionate admirer of *Inigo Jones*; and ſtudied him with ſuch minuteneſs and attention, as to eſtabliſh a good taſte in his own mind. I ſhall here take occaſion to obſerve, that the origin of this celebrated artiſt has been much miſrepreſented. The following tradition is handed down from father to ſon, at Llanrooſt, in North Wales; where a ſtone bridge over the river Conway will bear an incontrovertible teſtimony to the truth conveyed in ſuch tradition.

Sir John Wynne, of Gwidir, whoſe daughter married the Duke of Ancaſter, and whoſe eſtate is now the property of Sir Peter Burrell, in right of Lady Willoughby, built a bridge of ſeven arches over the river, on which Ynir Jones was employed as a labourer; and being at work on the bed of the river when Sir John was on the bridge, he was heard to ſay to his fellow labourers, that the bridge juſt built would moſt aſſuredly be carried away by the firſt great ſummer flood (which are frequent there, in conſequence of thunder-ſtorms in the mountains, which bring down hay, corn, and wood); adding, if I had the direction of it, I would form a great arch, from that rock to that rock, and one ſmall arch at both ends, and thereby build a bridge to ſtand many hundred years.

As Jones ſtated, the bridge was thrown down the following ſummer. Sir John then ſent for Jones, and examined him on what he had ſaid, and found him perfect in his plan of a bridge, which he ſketched out with chalk on the flag ſtones (for he could not read or write), to the great ſurpriſe of the Baronet. The whole buſineſs of conſtructing a bridge was entruſted to him; which was executed in ſuch a maſterly manner, that it remains to this day the admiration of the firſt architects; and, notwithſtanding the great arch is built of rough ſtone, over which timber of great magnitude is carried, beholders are often frightened by a perſon ſhoving againſt the battlement, and making it ſhake under them.

Sir John ſent Jones to ſchool, and to Italy; where Ynir was changed to Inigo, in compliance with the Italians, who could not pronounce the word Ynir.

——— BINDON, portrait painter in oils; this gentleman was among the earlieſt of the Iriſh artiſts: he lived in habits of intimacy with *Dean Swift*, *Dean Delany*, and Dr. *Sheridan*; and painted their portraits.

——— COLLINS, was born at Briſtol; he was one of the moſt perfect miniature painters that ever exiſted in the realm: he was the ſon of a clergyman, and educated as an attorney; he had the honour of having —— *Humphrey* for his pupil.

——— VANDERHAGEN, a native of Holland; he practiſed as a painter of landſcape and ſhipping in Dublin, and other towns

towns in Ireland, for ſeveral years: he died in Dublin about the year 1760. This was a moſt excentric and remarkable genius; and, had his induſtry been proportioned to his powers, he might have done wonders; but he would never work while he had a ſhilling; and, when pinched by his diſtreſſes, he would retire to a public houſe, and paint a picture to liquidate his reckoning.

JAMES MANNING, was a native of France; he was invited to Ireland from his native country, to fill the department of ornament maſter to the National Academy: he principally excelled in flower painting: he died in Dublin, in 1779: his pupils were Meſſrs. *Mullins*, *Roberts*, *Barret*, *J. B. Barralet*, —— *Barralet*, *Waldron*, and *Mackenzie*.

JAMES LATHAM, was a native of Tiperary; he ſtudied at Antwerp, and practiſed in Ireland, in 1725: he died in Trinity-ſtreet, Dublin, about the year 1750. This gentleman, it is probable, may be arranged as the father of the polite arts in Ireland, as there is no celebrated production extant, by any native of that kingdom, previous to thoſe executed by this artiſt. His portraits of Mrs. *Woffington*, the actreſs, and *Geminiani*, the compoſer, were painted in ſo pure a ſtile, as to procure him the title of the *Iriſh Vandyke*. I have ſeen his portrait, by himſelf, at the late Mr. *Philip Huſſey's*, of Dublin, which was exceedingly valued by the poſſeſſor: he painted hiſtory, but not with equal ſucceſs. It is remarkable that Ireland never produced ſo perfect a portrait painter in oils ſince his death. When Latham was in his proſperity, a lady of diſtinction, with coarſe lineaments, ſat to him for her portrait, which he drew faithfully; but ſhe was ſo diſguſted with the performance, that ſhe abuſed the painter; who immediately tore it from the frame, and had it nailed on the floor of his hall, as a piece of oil-cloth. The conſequence was, that every perſon who came in, knew the likeneſs; and the anecdote became ſo general, that the mortified nymph repented her vain indiſcretion, and offered to buy the picture at any terms; which the artiſt peremptorily refuſed; and was ſo ungallant as to have her effigy trodden under the feet even of his domeſtics.

—— WARREN, a native of England, drew landſcapes, flowers, and heads in chalk; he has practiſed in Dublin, as a teacher of drawing for many years: he painted occaſionally in water colours.

FRANCIS BERENGER, a native of France, kept a print-ſhop in George's-ſtreet, Dublin, for ſeveral years; and drew landſcapes and taught drawing.

—— ROSALBA, an Italian lady of high eminence in the arts, practiſed crayon painting in Ireland: ſhe confined her exertions to heads and half-lengths. Many of her works are in the poſſeſſion of Mr. *Stewart* and Mr. *Hamilton*. This lady had more delicacy of handling than Mr. *F. Coates*, but leſs character and ſpirit.

VICTOR VISPRE, a native of France, practiſed miniature painting in Dublin, in 1782.

——— VISPRE, his brother, practiſed in Dublin at the ſame period, and painted fruit pieces in oil, on glaſs.

Mr. JOSEPH BOOTH, a native of England; he practiſed miniature painting in Dublin, in 1771 with great ſucceſs;—this is the gentleman, ſo celebrated for his knowledge of the principles, and powers of mechaniſm: he was the inventor of the *Polygraphic Art*, and the new mills for the conſtruction of woollen drapery. I take ſome pride in aſſerting, that I am indebted to this liberal Philoſopher, for ſomething more than a communication of knowledge.

——— CALVERT, ſtatuary, a native of England; made his firſt appearance in 1772, in the character of *Jaffier*, at the Smock-alley Theatre, under *Moſſop*; and was favorably received, but in the ſucceeding year, he quitted the intereſt of *Melpomene*, and ſtudied modelling in wax under *Cunningham*.

——— CUNNINGHAM, a modeller of likeneſſes in wax, he practiſed in Ireland, about the year 1770.

——— SLATER, miniature painter, a native of England, practiſed in Dublin in 1770.

——— STORY, a painter in miniature, travelled to England, and practiſed in Carliſle, Northumberland, and Wales, about the year 1773.

——— TUCKER, portrait painter in oils, ſtudied under a Mr. *Williams*, an Engliſhman;—Mr. *Tucker*, came from Ireland to the north of England, where he had much ſucceſs.

THOMAS NUGENT, engraver, was born at Drogheda, ſtudied drawing under Mr. *F. R. Weſt*: this gentleman is now practiſing in London.

——— SHUTER, flower painter, practices in London.

——— POPE, ſenior, was ſelf-taught, he became early in life a miniature painter, and rendered himſelf remarkable for copying the old maſters with addreſs.

SOMERVILLE POPE STEVENS. is ſon of the above gentleman, ſtudied under his father, and Mr. *Thomas Roberts*; he principally devoted himſelf to the copying of *Vernet*;—this gentleman was high ſheriff of the County of Dublin, in the adminiſtration of *Earl Temple*; and may be arranged as an *amateur* of the arts, rather than a profeſſor.

ALEXANDER POPE, the younger ſon of Mr. *Pope*, ſen. was born at Cork; he ſtudied under Mr. *F. R Weſt*, and *Mr. Hugh Douglaſs Hamilton*; he practiſed portrait painting in Cork, with ſucceſs, where he occaſionally performed dramatic characters: he came to London in 1783, and made his appearance at Covent Garden Theatre in *Oronooko*.

BARTHOLEMEW STOKER, ſtudied in the Dublin Academy,

denny, under Mr. *F. R. Weſt*: he was the ſon of an Upholſterer, and worked at that profeſſion, under Mr. *M'Cready*, the actor's father of that name: and thus maintained himſelf, during his initiation in the arts;— he practiſed crayon painting in Dublin, and its vicinity with great ſucceſs; but died in 1788 of a decline, brought on by intenſe ſtudy.

HORACE HONE, a miniature painter, is the ſon of *Nathaniel Hone*, was born in Frith Street Soho, London: he was invited to practice in Dublin by the *Marchioneſs* of *Buckingham*, when *Lady Temple*, under whoſe auſpices, he drew the portraits of the firſt perſonages of that kingdom.

CAMILLUS HONE, painter of portraits in oils, and miniature; he is the ſecond ſon of Mr. *Nathaniel Hone*.

GEORGE PLACE, miniature painter, ſtudied under Mr. *F. R. Weſt*; he is the ſon of an eminent Linen draper on Eſſex-bridge Dublin:—he practiſed in London for ſeveral years, where he acquired a conſiderable portion of reputation, and is now in Yorkſhire.

—— POWER, a profeſſor of drawing at Cork; the only work extant by him is a bold, but imperfect engraving of *Anthonio*, a Venetian ſailor, who was robbed of his property, by ſome looſe women of the town, while his veſſel lay at Kinſale; which had ſuch an effect upon his brain, that he became diſtracted, and died in that city about the year 1782.

ANDREW MILLER, metzotinto ſcraper, practiſed in Dublin, in 1740; the only print I ever ſaw by him, is the character of *Teague* in a blanket, from the comedy of the *Committee*, by Sir G. Howard.

JOHN BROOKS, metzotinto ſcraper, he ſtudied under Mr. *Andrew Miller*; one of his beſt works, is a whole length of the late Lord Cheſterfield:—he was the maſter of *M'Ardell*. *Houſton*, *Purcell* and *Spooner*:—this ſingular man, reſided many years in the principal towns of England, where he evinced a ſpirit of enterprize, not entirely conſonant with the rigorous demands of equity;—his connection with the late Sir Stephen Theodore Janſſen, was of a ſimilar tendency.

JAMES MACARDELL, engraver in metzotinto; gathered the rudiments of his art, from John Brooks;—this ingenious artiſt, came from Dublin to London at an early period of his life, where he acquired the higheſt honor in his profeſſion: I think he uſed the ſcraping tool with more boldneſs, deciſion and freedom, than any other perſon, who ever exiſted: his portrait of *Captain Thomas Coram*, is an aſtoniſhing inſtance of his proficiency in the art; and will be admired as long, as taſte has any influence in the human mind:—he died in London, June 2, 1765.

RICHARD HOUSTON. engraver in metzotinto, left Ireland, when a youth, and ſettled in London; where he died Au-

guſt 4, 1775: the performances of this artiſt, which were chiefly portraits, prove that he poſſeſſed much genius, and ſome truth:—conſidering the looſe manner in which he paſſed his life, immerſed, and vulgariſed in ale-houſes, and night-cellars, it is amazing that his faculties ſhould have remained ſo long unimpaired: but his licentiouſneſs made him neceſſitous, and the ſlave of printſellers, and others, who fattened upon the iſſue of his brilliant powers: I ſhall here affirm, that if our ſiſter-kingdom, had produced ſuch great men, in the other branches of the fine arts, as ſhe has, in metzotinto engraving; ſhe might ſay to Italy, I too have been the mother of immortal painters.

EDWARD FISHER, an engraver in metzotinto; was originally a hatter;—he reſided for ſeveral years in London and lived on the ſouth ſide of Leceiſter-fields, in the ſame houſe where *Gardelle* murdered *Mrs. King*: this artiſt copied ſome of the beſt compoſitions of *Sir Joſhua Reynolds*, among which was *Garrick* between the muſes:—he had more delicacy and ſoftneſs in his finiſhing than *M'Ardell*, but had not ſo much fire and greatneſs.

JAMES WATSON, engraver in metzotinto, actuated by the ſame principle of glory, as his more excellent countryman *M'Ardell*, emerged into notice in London, where he ſcraped many portraits after Sir Joſhua Reynolds. He died in London a few years ſince: he was the father of Miſs *Caroline Watſon*.—

It is an extraordinary truth, that the French artiſts could never obtain any credit, in this province of the arts, although ſo eminent in every other ſtage of engraving!—It has been loudly aſſerted by Mr. *Evelyn* and others, that the art of ſcraping metzotinto was invented by *Prince Rupert*, who certainly executed ſeveral plates in that manner; and might promote its completion, yet I do not believe that the diſcovery originated with him; but a ſpirit of idolatry towards Princes has too long exiſted among mankind, to the ſuppreſſion of all candor, and the ſubverſion of all truth:—they are entitled to the advantages of every favorable fact, but no more.

RICHARD PURCELL, engraver in metzotinto, ſtudied under *John Brooks* in Dublin:—his works are of the ſecondary order; he was a man of licentious manners, which conſequently ſuppreſſed his powers of mind He died in London, in a ſtate of diſtreſs about the year 1765.

CHARLES SPOONER, was an engraver in metzotinto, this wayward man was born in the county of Wexford; he practiſed principally in London, and executed many plates for Mr. *Sayer*, the printſeller in Fleet-ſtreet, and Mr. *Bowles* in St. Paul's-church-yard. He chiefly pirated from other paints, and did them on a ſmaller ſcale. He died in London, December 5, 1767.

He

He was fellow pupil with *M'Ardell*, and lies buried with Him in Hampſtead-church yard.

JEFFERY HAMET O'NEAL, painter of landſcapes, birds, flowers, and ſmall converſation pieces; he is a native of Ireland, but has lived for many years in London: he deſigned what were termed Japan pieces, for Mr. *Smith*, the printſeller in Cheapſide.

—— VANNOST, ſtatuary, was born in Piccadily London, where his father made leaden figures for gardens; he went to Dublin, about the year 1750, where he ſhone in his profeſſion as a luminary: he executed the equeſtrian ſtatues of George the ſecond, at Stephen's green, and many ſtatues, and ornaments about the caſtle of Dublin. He returned to England about 1780, from whence he was invited to Ireland again, by the corporation of Cork, to make a ſtatue in metal, of Mr. *Lawton*, who had been mayor of that city, and to whoſe honor this figure was erected, to perpetuate his integrity. He died in Mecklenburgh-ſtreet Dublin in 1787.

—— WILSON, hiſtorical and landſcape painter, was a native of the north of Ireland, He was remarkable for painting large pictures, which he copied from prints.

ANGELICA KAUFFMAN, R. A. the principal work which this illuſtrious lady performed in Ireland, are whole length portraits of the Earl of Ely's family, comprehending Lady Ely; the celebrated Miſs Monroe, and Mrs. Richardſon. I have reaſon to believe, that ſhe etched her firſt plate in Dublin; ſhe did ſeveral others on her return to England. Theſe efforts appeared to me, to be an imitation of *Vandyke*; who, it muſt be admitted, had more force and more finiſhing in his manner. For a more particular account of this lady *vide Memoirs* of the *Royal Academicians* p. 113.

—— ROACH, miniature painter, practiſed in Dublin, this artiſt was ſelf-taught, and like Mr. *Shelley*, was deaf and dumb.

CHARLES BYRNE, miniature painter, ſtudied under Mr. *Roach*, and acted officially as his interpreter for ſeveral years.

—— BROCAS, portrait painter in oils, crayons and miniature; he practiſed in various parts of Ireland, and acquired more by his induſtry, than his profeſſional talents.

HENRY BROCAS, his brother, miniature painter and engraver; he executed ſeveral plates for Mr. *Allen*, the printſeller of Dublin.

RICHARD HAND, a native of Warwickſhire, he is now practiſing in Ireland, as a general artiſt. He paints landſcape, and fruit, and copies hiſtorical ſubjects. He has recently learned the art of ſtaining glaſs, from Mr. *Clarke*, an ingenious experimental chymiſt of Dublin.

FRANCIS REAGEL, painter of hiſtory and moſaic; he was a native of Germany, but ſtudied moſaic painting in Rome under his

his father, from whence he was invited to Ireland in 1784, by the *Earl* of *Briſtol*, Biſhop of Derry, to conſtruct the pavement of a temple in his dioceſe; but on the failure of his health, he ſuddenly quitted Ireland, and left the work unfiniſhed, for which he was to have received on its completion, one thouſand pounds. He became acquainted while in Italy, with Mr. *Zoffanii* *, which muſt equally eternize his glory, and his happy deſtiny.

CHARLES JERVAS, a miſerable portrait painter in oils, of whom *Pope* has written ſo many prepoſterous and adulatory lines, was a native of Ireland; he was a pupil of Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, and ſtudied eventually at Rome. He died at his houſe in Cleveland-row, London, in 1739.

JOHN ELLIS, a native of Dublin, was originally apprenticed to a Cabinet maker: he practiſed ſcene painting in Dublin and London, and received the premium of the ſilver pallet, from the

* JOHAN ZOFFANII, R. A. hiſtorical and portrait painter, is a native of Germany; he was found on the banks of the Weſer, like another Moſes, ſwaddled, but half ſtarved. Under whom he originally ſtudied the art of painting, or the art of living, is as problematical as his philoſophy; but he illuſtrated the twelve tables at Vienna, in his adoleſcence, and illumined the ſixth commandment by introducing a memorable exploit of Frederick the *great*. He is indubitably one of the flowers of Benjamin, although his name may not be enrolled in the ſchedule of Duke's place, and notwithſtanding his apparent backſlidings from the moſt revered ſtatutes of Iſrael.

He arrived in England about thirty years ſince, and then lodged in the attic tenement of a Mr. *Lyons*, a kind hebrew, who reſided in Shire-lane near Temple-bar; his fortunes were then ſo low, that his cates were more ſcarce than rare. The harp of his fathers was hung on a willow in the deſert, and there was no muſick in his ſoul: his thought introduced miſery, and miſery deſperation. At this eventful epoch the heavy clouds which darkened his exiſtence, began to paſs away; he ſaw the promiſed Canaan in a viſion, and his nerves were reſtrung by fortitude. By the beneficent offices of his levitical inmate, he was introduced to Mr. *B. Wilſon* a portrait painter in oils, who inſtantly engaged Mr. Zoffanii to paint his draperies; it was his good hap to be diſcovered in this ſtate by Mr. *Garrick*, who propoſed to ſit to him for a dramatic portrait, which he finiſhed ſo well, as to lay the foundation of an enviable fame. He now journied through life on a path of roſes; celebrity was attached to his name, and he enjoyed the honorable remuneration of merit, he implored his gods for manna, and had it. About the year 1780, he embarked for Bengal, where he delineated copper tinted Nabobs and ſplendid Rajahs; ſaffron ſkinned virginity and European plunderers; the wolf and the Elephant, the Bramin and the Mogul. He returned from the oriental world with a heavier purſe but a weaker frame, and retired to a houſe near Kew bridge, where he watched the ebbing and flowing of the Thames, and applied his rumination to the viciſſitudes of our being. He never ponders upon the hill of *Gilgal*, but he burns and ſweats and ſwoons; he was once enthuſiaſtically amorous; the object was a young Egyptian from Norwood, whom he believed to involve in her proportions the beauties of Pharoah's daughter.

When he ſojourned and flouriſhed in Indoſtan, the ſun darted a beam of matchleſs luſtre upon his dwelling, and Dian thrice deſcended from her orbit, to taſte him while he ſlumbered, believing him the prototype of her

the Dublin Society, for a drawing in body colours which involved the moſt intricate and difficult ſpecimen of a thorough knowledge of perſpective.

JOHN LATHAM, drawing maſter, is a native of Namptwich in Cheſhire: he went to Ireland when young, as the aſſiſtant to a ſilk manufacturer; but his reſtleſs genius impelling him to become an artiſt, he braved the inconveniences reſulting from a new ſtudy, and purſued his wiſhes. He now practices in London, as a pattern drawer for the female nobility, with eminent ſucceſs.

THOMAS MILTON, a native of England, practiſed in Dublin as an engraver of ſmall views, principally conſiſting of Noblemen's and Gentlemen's ſeats in Ireland; and which are executed with more delicacy and preciſion, than taſte or truth: they were publiſhed in numbers, and as they conveyed an indirect compliment to patrician vanity, were conſequently much encouraged.

GEORGE

her loſt Endymion. He kept his *Zanana* like another Solomon, but it was chaſtened by the ſevereſt delicacy; the ladies darned his linen, while the eunuchs read an homily. He was oftener in his *miana* than his *palanquin*; he had twelve *burcarrahs* running before him, proclaiming his academic honors; he fumigated gracefully with his *ſnuff-e*, while the *booker badaar* kept pace with his bearers. He had a band of Abiſſinian nymphs to dance before his raviſhed viſion, while he drank a bumper to Venus and her dominion, in his *Jumbo piala!* beſtriding the *vertebræ* of his ſtate elephant, he ſought the tyger in the navel of the foreſt; and tranſfixed the ſavage with a mien as elegant as Phœbus, when ſhe ſmote the Pythian ſerpent.

His knowledge of theology is ſo perfect, that he undertook to write annotations upon the chroniſcle of Father *Jerome*;—in a public diſputation at Padua, he upheld the honor of St. Luke above the other evangeliſts, and challenged an Empiric at Liepſig, for calling the worthy apoſtle a houſe painter. He touched the cheeks of the lady of Loretto with his beſt carmine *gratis*, and in doing homage to the holy father, he was not ſatisfied with kiſſing his great toe, but ſucked it with ſuch zeal, as moiſtened the radix of an inveterate corn!—

During the equipoiſe of a profound thought, he made an admirable drawing of a contention between the houſes of *York* and *Lancaſter*, and pleaſed the pondering part of mankind exceedingly, by introducing an Ideot in the foreground making a *rod* of the oppoſite roſes.

His combined portraits of the Royal Academicians, is a picture ſo ſimilar to all his beſt efforts, that it may be offered as an inſtance of his manner and ability. The characters are well preſerved, but the outline is too coarſe, and the colouring wants harmony; I ſhall conſolidate any farther critique in this declaration, that I believe he cannot paint with common eſtimation, in the abſence of a model.

How lamentable it is that ſuch a floundering wight ſhould ſully his honor in the evening of his days; but even Socrates acknowledged a temporary imbecility! the virtuous artiſt ſlept in November, charged with repletion and indigeſtion, and imagined in his dormitory, that he ſaw a *ſanſculotte* befouling the threſhold of the millenium, and ſcratching his buttocks with the regalia. The amiable painter's anatomy ſhook with horror at the ideal ſpectacle;—he raved about liberty and licentiouſneſs; her immunities, and her madneſs, until his fancy overthrew his diſcretion; and in the moments of his weak-

neſs,

GEORGE BARRET, R. A. landſcape painter, was born in that part of the city of Dublin called the Liberty. It ſhould be noted to the honor of this gentleman, that he was ſelf-taught. Mr. *Barret*, like the late Hugh Kelly, was apprenticed to a Stay maker. When he arrived in London, he was ſo unprotected and miſerable, that he was compelled to grind colours for a livelihood! he began his career as an artiſt, by colouring ſmall prints for the printſellers, and having thus tried his ground, he ventured to copy nature, and then progreſſively arrived to that height in his art, which if it cannot be denominated excellence, moſt aſſuredly approximated to that ſublime point. He died at Paddington in 1787.

His pictures involve much genius, yet he rather contemplated and touched nature, than depicted her beauties thoroughly: his works comprehending a ſomething between ſketches and ſcene painting; but they were not ſufficiently harmonized, or in due tone;—every thing appeared *too cold* that came from his pencil, whether painting in oil or water colours; yet I think that his drawings were more perfect than his oil paintings. In the leſſer accompaniments of his views he was not ſufficiently correct. In ſmall landſcapes it is neceſſary to be minute in the aſſemblage of herbage, yet that attention to minuteneſs, muſt be ſo ordered, as to preſerve a ſeeming breadth in the general effect upon the eye, where the viſion may repoſe and be ſatisfied.

Mr. Barret, like the majority of his fraternity, was more anxious about the properties of his colours, than their application. The late Preſident partook of the ſame degree of lunacy, yet to what effectual purpoſe did his unrequited reſearches tend*? There is no colour unequal to the required purpoſes of a ſufficient artiſt, but *white*, and that is of a bad and deceiving property; the white

neſs, or his antipathy, he embodied a group of *Pariſians plundering the King's cellar!*—and this vulgar untruth, was exhibited with all the pride of a gothic ſacrifice to Prejudice!

Every candid obſerver muſt conſider this foul production as one of thoſe irregular tributes to the malice and folly of the moment, which every mean man is eager to pay to thoſe who have purpoſes to anſwer, which are not very conſonant with truth, humanity, or juſtice. Of all the pieces I have ſeen from the pencil of Mr. Zoffanii, this is the moſt unlike himſelf; he evidently labours to tread in the ſteps of Mr. Hogarth, but is truly unſucceſsful. This ſavage aſſemblage of monſters are denied the poſſeſſion of human lineaments by this indignant German. It is but too certain that the mobs of Paris committed atrocities at which a generous nature will ſhudder; yet I do not think that the cauſe of morality will be much ſtrengthened by making the perpetrators of a crime ſingularly deformed and repulſively hideous: this offending ſpectacle can only be reviewed with pleaſure by a blackguard or an aſſaſſin.

* Some years ago, the late Sir Walter Blackett had his picture very finely painted by Sir Joſhua Reynolds, for which he paid the ſum of 200 guineas. The picture was hung up in the family ſeat near Newcaſtle, but had been

white used by the best Venetian painters, such as *Paul Veronese*, and *Titian*, was assuredly of a better quality; yet I do not believe the chymical secret which produced it, is now extant; and I am authorised in this supposition by a letter written by *Titian*, in which he laments the death of the chymist who prepared his *white*, with as much force of expressive lamentation, as if it was his favourite mistress.

——— BARRET, junior, brother to the above gentleman, is likewise a landscape painter: this gentleman is too imitative of the manner of his relative; he succeeded his brother in the appointment of house painter to Chelsea Hospital.

BILLING, portrait painter in oils, flourished in Dublin, about the year 1760: he had been improved in London by *Goupy**.

I have seen several etchings after *Salvator Rosa*, by Mr. *Goupy*, who was a fan painter, and resided in King-street, Covent-garden. I think it necessary to observe, that Mr. *Goupy* was the person who taught his Majesty, when a prince, the elements of drawing; and, as it is the characteristic of the king never to forget any person whom he has known, I shall relate an anecdote which does him honor. After an intervention of fifteen years, the king, as he was driven through Kensington, saw his old master *Goupy* seized by two ill-looking ruffians; and, immediately recognising his tutor, he stopped the carriage, and called *Goupy* to the window, when the following dialogue took place:—"*Goupy*," said the king, "what is the reason you have not called upon me lately?" "I could not think of presuming so far, as to trouble

been a very short time there, before the females of the family were terrified with a sudden alteration in the visage and even the dress of this admired portrait. The tints which gave life and expression to the features, and even the colouring of the drapery, disappeared, and reduced the picture to a natural but elegant and masterly outline. Nothing less than death was foreboded from this extraordinary phenomenon. Sir Walter being in London, an express was immediately dispatched, with whom he returned in perfect health, to the great joy of his family and friends.

* Mr. JAMES STUART, commonly called *Athenian Stuart*, was originally a pupil to Mr. *Goupy*; when he was on the continent, he made a pedestrian tour from Paris to Rome; and, on his arrival, resolved to put himself under the tuition of *Pompeio Battoni*, to amend his taste; who was at that period considered as the best painter in Italy. On his first interview, Mr. *Stuart* found *Battoni* painting Alexander the Great, exercising his horse Bucephalus, in the presence of his father Philip, on a marble pavement; which misappropriation of place so disgusted Mr. *Stuart*, that he declined enlisting under his professional banners. Yet, notwithstanding this false combination of circumstances, it should be remarked, that *Battoni* was the last of the Italian school, who merited even common approbation as a painter. Mr. *Stuart* went from Rome to Athens with Mr. *Ricett*; and there drew and measured the remnants of Greek Art.

trouble your majeſty with my viſits." "Poh, poh, poh, man, call to-morrow: but, *Goupy*, what are thoſe men yonder?" "Why, to tell your Majeſty the truth, they are bailiffs, who have arreſted me; and only ſtand aloof now, out of reſpect to your majeſty." "What is the ſum, *Goupy?*" "Eighty pounds, ſire." "Well, well, I can't interfere with the courſe of the law: but, d'ye hear, ſend to *Ramus* as ſoon as you can, and he ſhall ſettle the buſineſs." After this friendly colloquy, the ſovereign proceeded to court, and poor *Goupy* to the ſpunging-houſe; from whence he ſent to Mr. *Ramus*, as deſired; when the debt was inſtantly diſcharged; and the grateful *Goupy* waited upon his regal benefactor, who ſettled on him an annuity to ſhield him, in the evening of h s days, from any ſimilar embarraſſment.

——— ENNIS, hiſtorical painter, learned the rudiments of his art under the elder *Weſt*; he was ſent to Italy by Mr. *Neville Jones*, about the year 1754. He painted in the academy, and ſtudied in the Vatican, at the ſame period with Sir *Joſhua Reynolds*. On his return to Dublin, he painted hiſtory and portrait. One of his beſt efforts was the decoration of the ceilings of his patron's houſe, near the Rotunda. Mr. *Ennis*, as a painter, was delicate, but not juſt: he rather aimed at nicety than truth; his colouring was of a tender tone; and he, in conſequence, under-tinted his ſubjects.

Our artiſts, when in Rome*, are notorious for their freedom of agency, and too eagerly and repeatedly engage in frolics, which are not compatible with the demands of renown: the tumultuous purſuits of life ſhake the ſerenity of the mind, and diſorganize

* When WRIGHT, of Derby, was at Rome, he painted that very fine figure *The Captive*, from Sterne (which has ſince been engraved for Meſſrs. Boydell), and conſigned the picture to a friend in London; who, having advice of its being landed and at the Cuſtom-houſe, preſented a petition to the Board, ſtating, that it was a portrait painted by an Engliſh artiſt, and praying that it might be delivered duty-free. In anſwer to this, he received an order to attend on a given day, and was brought before their Honors. The picture was produced, and the firſt queſtion aſked was, "Of whom is it the portrait?" The gentleman replied with truth, it was the portrait of a Roman (for it was copied from a Roman Beggar); and the Board ſeemed inclined to let it paſs—but an old gentleman, who had been long a Commiſſioner, made a ſhrewd objection, and remarked, that "this was ſuch a portrait as he had never before ſeen in his life, and taken in a manner that he did not believe either Roman, Greek, Turk, Jew, or Infidel, would conſent to ſit. "If," added he, "any gentleman at this Honorable Board choſe to have his picture drawn, would not he put on a clean ſhirt, and have his wig freſh powdered, and be clean ſhaved?—anſwer me that?" "To be ſure he would." "Now, here it is pretended, that this fellow ſat for his portrait, who had hardly a rag to cover his nakedneſs, *Ge'mmen!*—if he could have afforded to have paid for painting his picture, he could have afforded to buy himſelf a pair of breeches!" He ended by moving, That the duty might be paid; and the duty *was paid accordingly*.

diſorganize the ſeeds of ſtudy: we cannot be licentious and improving in the ſame inſtant. When Mr. *Benjamin Weſt* was in Rome, he lodged oppoſite the Iriſh college; where he obſerved the holy fathers ſtumble and reel continually in going in and out. As this excited Mr. *Weſt*'s curioſity very highly, he enquired of his landlady the reaſon: "Ah, good Signior," quoth ſhe, "it is the *falling ſickneſs*; and it is very ſurpriſing, Signior, that God Almighty has troubled all the gentlemen of that nation with the ſame diſorder!"

JAMES CHAPMAN, landſcape painter, picture cleaner, and auctioneer, was a native of England: he ſtudied under a Dutch painter, who reſided in Long-acre: his chief efforts were copies from *Canaletti*'s views of Venice. While in Dublin he painted a view of Stephen's-green. In the decay of his life, he became an auctioneer: he died in Dublin in 1792.

HENRY TRESHAM, A. hiſtorical painter, was born in High-ſtreet, Dublin: he ſtudied under the elder *Weſt* and Mr. *Ennis*. He was ſent to Italy by Sir Clitton Wintringham, where he ſtudied ſeveral years. On his return to his native country, he finiſhed ſeveral pictures, among which was an *Adam* and *Eve*, as large as life; which is now in the poſſeſſion of Lord Powerſcourt. During his reſidence in London, he painted ſeveral ſubjects for the Shakeſpeare gallery; and a curtain for the Opera-houſe at the Pantheon, which I believe was conſumed with the building: he was elected an Aſſociate* of the Royal Academy in 1794. While Mr. *Treſham* was at Rome, the preſent Biſhop of Derry, believing him not to be ſufficiently induſtrious, wrote to his relation and patron (who allowed him one hundred pounds a year), to withdraw his penſion, in order to excite his zeal: the kind phyſician obeyed the deſire of the prelate; and the young artiſt was ſuddenly left without the means of ſubſiſtence!—Mr. *Treſham*, as a painter, appears to me to have more knowledge of his

* The manner of electing Aſſociates, which is the ſecondary order of honor, is thus—The gentleman deſirous of becoming an Aſſociate, ſignifies his being a candidate, by writing his name in a book, within a certain period after the Exhibition, which I believe to be ſix weeks. This liſt is ſent round to every Academician, who ſignifies his approbation, by making a ſcratch oppoſite the name of the candidate he is inclined to ſupport. On the night of election this liſt is opened; and any two, who have the majority of ſcratches affixed to their ſignature, are put up to be voted for by the Academicians preſent: then he who has the majority is elected, and in due courſe receives the diploma of Aſſociate. This practice is certainly very objectionable, as the perſon who has moſt ſcratches may be ultimately rejected; as ſucceſs is dependant upon the prejudices of the Academicians who are preſent, and not thoſe who are abſent; by which means the election may be perverted from the original deſign of the inſtitution; and the moſt perfect young artiſt be baffled in his honorable endeavours, by circumſtances operating to make vigilant policy undermine confident merit. The diploma of an Aſſociate is ſigned by the preſident, but the diploma of an Academician is ſigned by the King.

his ſubject, than he has power to execute: he ſeems to imitate Mr. *W. Hamilton*'s manner, more than the preſentation of nature —his intelligence is ſuperior to his mechaniſm, and his colouring ſo ordered, that I am betrayed into the notion, that I ſee his pictures through a miſt. Yet, notwithſtanding this, I ſhall arrange him as one of the moſt conſiderable of the Iriſh artiſts.

I have many doubts if ever *Michael Angelo* was able to execute entirely what he conceived. His hope ran before his knowledge—his figures are bold and commanding, and replete with greatneſs; but are not altogether expreſſive of his very intimate knowledge of delicate proportions: he was among painters, what Hercules was among heroes, more ſinewy, coarſe, and mighty than his competitors; but not ſo reconcileable in his labours to the gentler claſſes of ſociety.

It offends many of the vain profeſſors of the arts, that I will not allow them *to praiſe themſelves* in this work, as they are not merely permitted, but invited to do, in the periodical publications which infeſt and miſlead the readers of this credulous city. I will not condeſcend to ſolicit praiſe from any; nor will I grant it, (much leſs *ſell it*) to any, whoſe talents do not, in my opinion, warrant the encomium. It is impoſſible to peruſe any memoirs in a modern magazine, but thoſe which are written by the immediate parties, and which are replete with hyperbole, folly, and falſhood; and it is worth ſome enquiry, to examine how far any eulogium can be valuable, in organs which are thus venditious and deſtructive. A *Bourgeois*, a *Peters*, and a *Garvey*, may laud themſelves, in ſuch vehicles, for a ſmall bribe, to the very top gallant of their baſe arrogance; but they ſhall not be ſuſtained in ſuch fallacious ideas by me, until I think they deſerve it.

WILLIAM ASHFORD, landſcape painter, is a native of England. On his arrival in Ireland, he was appointed to a lucrative ſituation in the ordnance office; where he amuſed himſelf in his leiſure hours, with ſtudying drawing and painting; which he ſucceeded in ſo far, as to juſtify his becoming a profeſſor. This gentleman is more happy in his trees and his foregrounds, than his figures and ſkies; the former of which are too inaccurate, and the latter have too green a hue.

——— HICKEY, portrait painter, is brother to the ſculptor of that name; he was born in the Batchelor's-walk, Dublin: he ſtudied at the national Academy, and afterwards in Rome. This artiſt was appointed to accompany Lord Macartney, in his extraordinary miſſion to China, to make drawings of that country, and the dreſſes of the people: he is now practiſing in London.

S. POLACK, miniature painter; an engliſhman: this gentleman practiſed in Dublin with ſucceſs: he now reſides oppoſite Catherine-ſtreet, in the Strand, London.

THOMAS

THOMAS PYE, hiſtorical painter, ſtudied under the elder *Weſt*; he is now in Rome.

HUGH CADELL, engraver on gems, ſtudied at the Dublin Academy, and was the pupil of Mr. *Logan*.

GEORGE MADDEN, miniature painter, ſtudied at the Dublin Academy: he went to Italy with the Biſhop of Derry; and, at his return, he painted miniatures in Dublin; where he had the good fortune to attract the notice of a widow lady, with an independant income, whom he married. He has now retired to Belfaſt.

ADAM BUCK, painter of ſmall whole lengths in *wax crayons*, which is an admirable invention of his own; they work with more freedom than chalks, and with more force than the commonly uſed crayons: this gentleman is a native of Cork, and ſelf-taught; he practiſed in Dublin for ſeveral years, and is now in London.

He appears to ſtudy the antique more rigorouſly than any of our emerging artiſts; and by that means he will imbibe a chaſtity of thinking, which may eventually lead him to the perſonification of apparent beauty. I have uſed the term apparent, becauſe beauty is unqueſtionably either relative or abſolute: abſolute beauty cannot, in my opinion, be repreſented by the art of any human being; but relative beauty may. The *belle idee* cannot be enforced by the cheeks or lips of a lady being tinted with vermillion; or by floating treſſes; or buoyant drapery; or any of thoſe little trickeries, which have heretofore been employed as ſubſtitutes for truth;—nor can it be gathered from any aſſemblage of fine women, as we are told, by *Rafaelle*, he required in the formation of his *Galatea*; becauſe the ſelecting a limb from one, and a feature from another, would produce a diſſonance in the whole, and deſtroy that ſubtle harmony in the conſtituent parts, without which beauty cannot be produced. *Rafaelle* approached to the divine conception, but he aſſuredly never reached it.

J. J. BARRALET, painter of hiſtory, flowers, and landſcapes, ſtudied in the Dublin Academy: this gentleman drew landſcapes with Italian chalk, in which he affected to imitate *Vernet*. During the illneſs of Mr. *Manning*, he ſuperintended the ornament department in the Dublin ſchool; and, at his demiſe, became a candidate for the ſituation, in oppoſition to Mr. *Waldron*; but loſt it, as his rival had the protection of the Duke of Leinſter. When he loſt his election, he had the honor of having a ſum of money voted to him by the Dublin Society, as a compliment to his ability, and a reward for his attention. Since that period he has been engaged in ſtaining glaſs, in concert with Meſſrs. *Hand* and *Chabſey*.

J. P. BARRALET, landſcape painter and drawing-maſter, is brother to *J. J. Barralet*; he practiſes in London, and has had ſeveral of his views engraved by *Picot*.

CHARLES

CHARLES STOPELAER, a portrait painter in oils: this gentleman became a low comedian, and played at Covent Garden Theatre during the management of Mr. *Rich*.

WILLIAM WATSON, portrait painter in oils and crayons, was brother to *James Watſon*, the metzotinto engraver: he was an eminent performer on the German flute: he was the intimate aſſociate of Mr. *Robert Hayley*, of whom I forgot to relate the following circumſtance, viz. he made a drawing for Lord Mountjoy, then Mr. Luke Gardiner; but the artiſt died while his Lordſhip was on the Continent: the ſubject is a Fox and Cock, which is much admired by all connoiſſeurs. When Mr. *Hayley* was dying, he bequeathed the drawing to his patron, who rates it as invaluable. He caught his death by ſtudying from cattle in Lord Mornington's demeſne; where he acquired a ſevere cold, which terminated his being.

Mrs. WATSON, widow of the above artiſt, paints flowers and fruit: this lady is, to the females of Ireland, what Mrs. *Wright*, the embroidreſs, was to the ladies of England—an improver of their taſte in the articles of perſonal ornament: nay, ſome have gone ſo far as to call her the *Maria Coſway** of Hibernia!

RICHARD CARVER, hiſtorical and landſcape painter: this artiſt painted an altar-piece at Waterford, which is finiſhed with ſome taſte, though not accurately drawn; the colouring is not very ſimilar to the vivid fleſhineſs of the human body.

ROBERT CARVER, was the ſon of the above gentleman, and his pupil alſo. This artiſt had talents more than ordinary: he paſſed his life principally in painting ſcenery for the drama; he worked at Drury-lane and Covent-garden Theatres: while at the former his merit procured him, as merit will, many enemies; and the maliciouſneſs and littleneſs of their minds, were evinced by their filling his colour-pots with urine, and other unworthy deeds

* When Mrs. COSWAY arrived in London, ſhe maintained her mother and brothers by painting likeneſſes in oil; and ſome of her performances had great merit. It is but doing common juſtice to this lady, to obſerve, that ſhe poſſeſſes, in the aggregate, uncommon merit. Her powers as a muſician are ſo enviable, that, previous to her leaving Florence, ſhe performed, as an inſtrumental and vocal performer, all the recitative and airs of a favourite Opera, before the Grand Duke of Tuſcany and all his court. She has evidently a melancholic feature in her deſigns; which may be in a great degree attributable to the following calamity in her family. Her father was a Catholic, and her mother a Proteſtant; who agreed, that all the children ſhould be alternately of the Papal and the Lutheran perſuaſion; but all the latter were poiſoned by a domeſtic female bigot. When the horrid fact was diſcovered, the cruel wench took ſhelter in a convent. Sir Horace Mann, our reſident at Florence, exerted himſelf in behalf of the diſconſolate family, to bring her to juſtice; but the monks oppoſed the deſire; and the acquieſcent Duke bowed unworthily in obedience to the infernal canons of the eccleſiaſtical ſynod!

deeds befitting vulgar men. He poſſeſſed all the generous and companionable qualities of an Iriſhman; and died, a martyr to the gout, at his houſe in Bow-ſtreet, Covent-garden, in 1792.

Had this worthy man been leſs of a *gourmand*, he might have been ſtill in exiſtence, and at the head of his profeſſion. That perſon who indulges his appetite with exceſſes, can never make any conſiderable advances in the arts; and thoſe who commence their love of pleaſures, unauthoriſed by diſcretion, when they have nearly obtained perfection, will, perforce, from that moment, viſibly decline in the tenor of their laudable exertions, and gradually loſe that credit they had acquired. In the earlier ſtages of *Vandyke*'s life, his progreſs was wonderful; but, when he became liſtleis, from the falſe appropriation of thoſe pecuniary rewards, which were legally due to the exertions of a genius ſo rare, his finer attributes were no longer viſible; and he at length was reduced to ſuch an ignoble ſtate, as to attempt an apology for thoſe weakneſſes, which he ought to have reſiſted; "When I was poor," ſaid he, "I painted for reputation; but, now I have acquired wealth, I paint for my kitchen:" which was evidently preferring the culinary art, to the art of painting; and acknowledging, that the love of his cook had ſuperceded his love of glory.

THOMAS WALMSLEY, landſcape painter, was born in Dublin; he ſtudied under Mr. *Columba*, principal painter to the Opera-houſe, in London: he executed many of the ſcenes for Crow-ſtreet Theatre, during the management of Mr. *Daly*. This gentleman has publiſhed various picturetque views in Wales; and is now engaged in a ſimilar work, conſiſting of views of the borders of the lake of Killarney; where nature is prodigally ſalubrious and majeſtically wild.

HENRY HODGINS, landſcape painter, is a native of Dublin; he was the pupil of *Robert Carver*. This reſpectable artiſt has been for ſeveral years one of the principal ſcene painters to Covent-garden Theatre.

——— SHERIDAN, portrait painter in oils, was a native of the county of Kilkenny: he ſtudied at the Dublin Academy; and, before his knowledge was equal to the undertaking, viſited London, where he commenced practice. It will not appear wonderful, that, under ſuch diſadvantages, his gains were too limited for a comfortable ſupport. His pictures were more deficient in relief than drawing: but this is a fault common to all young painters; *Holbien*, *Titian*, and *Vandyke*, in their earlier productions, had the ſame failing. This indefatigable young man ſtruggled through an eleemoſynary probation, and laboured much to know the true principles of colouring; but his hard fortunes chilled his endeavours; and he died in London, in 1790, bent down with grief.

HENRY

HENRY SEQUIN, engraver, ſtudied in the Dublin Academy: he chiefly employed his time in copying the Britiſh caricatures, for the Printſellers in Dublin; and did ſeveral plates for the Hibernian Magazine; but was compelled to relinquiſh the purſuit from an ill ſtate of health.

WILLIAM HINKS, hiſtorical and portrait painter, was born in Waterford, and apprenticed to a Blackſmith; this ingenious and indefatigable gentleman is ſelf taught: while practiſing in the north of Ireland, he drew and engraved a ſeries of deſigns, exhibiting the progreſs of the Linen manufactory.—He is now in London, where he has executed ſeveral intereſting works from *Triſtram Shandy*: an hiſtorical repreſentation of the laſt interview of *Louis Seize*, with his family, &c. &c.

——— CAREY, engraver, is the ſon of a baker on Redmond-hill Dublin; he ſtudied at the Dublin Academy: his principal performance is *Charlotte at the tomb of Werter*, which he engraved in London, for Mr. R. Smith.

Engraving in Ireland, has ever been, comparatively conſidered, in a very low and imperfect ſtate; yet the encouragement to the French Artiſts, who ſo far excelled us, was not conſiderable: it is on record in Paris, that the great *Balechou*, could not venture to affix a price higher than ſix livres, for his inimitable print of the *Storm*: the greateſt reward he received, was, one thouſand louisd'ors, for engraving the late King of Poland's head; but he was baniſhed to Avignon, for taking off two hundred proof impreſſions, as it was a private plate, and done at the command of *Louis* the *Fifteenth*. Perhaps the beſt engravings executed *in* Ireland, are Mr. *Milton's* views, and they are performances of but a ſecondary order. It is aſſerted that the art in England, has been promoted by *Lord Orford's* catalogue of painters and engravers, yet it is evidently a work written from hearſay, and not knowledge; like the babbling of a Parrot, it conveys a borrowed ſentiment, but operates no farther: it is little more than a confuſed amplification of *George Vertue's* pocket book, which he purchaſed. I have ever conſidered this gloſſy and ſuperficial work, as a feeble performance, involving no *criteria* for an artiſt, and which could have obtained but a very limited credit with ſociety, (beaſtly as it is), had the author, not been rich, and capable of ſuborning every critical eſtabliſhment!

J. WALDRON, profeſſor of ornament in the Dublin Academy, to which ſituation he ſucceeded on the death of Mr. Manning.

——— SISSON, portrait painter in oils, this artiſt affected to paint in the manner of *Denner* *.

WILLIAM

* DENNER the painter, who finiſhed his pictures in ſo laboured a ſtile, was ſome time in England. He was totally deſtitute of taſte, and painted portraits in exact proporton to the prices which he was paid for them.

For

WILLIAM JONES, landſcape painter, he made ſeveral views of the Salmon-leap at Leiſlip, and the Water-fall in the county of Wicklow; theſe views were engraved by *Giles King*.

CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE, a deſigner of the Antiquities of England, Scotland and Wales; he died in Dublin, in the capital of that kingdom, in which he made many attempts to draw the veſtages of antientgrandeur: there is a ſmall whole length of him, engraved by Mr. Bartolozzi after a drawing by N. *Dance**. This gentleman exiſted as one of thoſe innumerable inſtances, which prove, that ſociety is ſo ignorant, and ſo docile, as to admit an aſſumption of character, to operate as powerfully as real ability: the pretenſions of ſuch a man to a knowledge of the

For example, when a gentleman aſked him what he charged for a head, the reply was, from ten guineas to a thouſand! If, when the head at ten guineas was delivered, it was not thought properly finiſhed, he would give additional finiſhing to the amount of ten guineas more. If it was not then high enough, he would bruſh away at face, drapery, and back ground, until the piece work amounted to a hundred or two hundred guineas, at ſo much a day. If his cuſtomer paid him ſufficiently, he marked the ſtump of every hair on the chin, *having firſt counted them*, a ceremony which this *induſtrious German* always went through with the hairs on the eye laſhes.

* NATHANIEL DANCE, M. P. and R. A. Hiſtorical painter, is the ſon of the late City ſurveyor, who erected the manſion-houſe, and brother to the preſent gentleman who occupies that office, and to the late James Dance, *alias* Love, who performed as a Comedian, for many years, at Drury-lane Theatre—he was the pupil of Mr. Hayman, from whom he imbibed a heavy manner of drawing and colouring, which, all the advantages of an Italian education, have not eradicated—during his ſtudies at Rome, he derived his chief ſupport by making excurſions to the ſea-ports, and drawing fortuitous portraits; there he became acquainted with the adorable Angelica Kauffman, who was ſo truly admirable and faſcinating, that it evinced the denial of feeling not to be her ſlave—delectable were the moments of this meritorious twain, while they rambled to Tivoli and its claſſic bowers: the lover pleaded, with the rapture of a Tibullus, andthe elegant nymph, delicately cheriſhed his deſires; but as we are all frail, let it not excite amazement that the lady was, in the iſſue, "falſe to her vows,and faithleſs to her love"—this event made a woeful impreſſion on Mr. Dance, and ſorrow was corroding his heart; he writhed like the Laacoon, and he imprecated like a Polyphemus, when Mr and Mrs. Garrick, interfered, and perſuaded him to *fiddle* away his recollection.

When the paroxyſm of his grief began to decay, *Angelina Kauffman* arrived in London, accompanied by a Britiſh female of diſtinction, who is reported to have turned the *Paſtor Fido* of the lovely paintreſs, into ridicule; but his reſentment towards the flippant inconſtant was more than amply gratified by her firſt nuptial engagement, which was humiliating if not ruinous—it was at this æra that he painted his *Timon of Athens*, which now decorates the Queen's Palace, and of which, he ſhould be more proud, in my opinion, than in the ſneaking privilege of attending the Miniſter's Levee, and fattening on thoſe ſmiles, which may be occaſionally directed to the knaviſh and the driveller.

Though Mr. Dance was beguiled and betrayed by Cupid, ſo deeply, yet did his ſuſceptible heart become again enchained: he had the ſuperlative good fortune to engage the affections of a widowed lady, whoſe mate had

 hurried

the fine arts, much leſs to the practice, was equally preſumptuous and ridiculous. I have ſeen many, of what he called drawings of Britiſh Antiquities, and they were ſuch miſerable efforts, as could only excite my diſguſt: In my opinion, they were not repreſentations but *miſrepreſentations* of the objects delineated; and that ſuch a farrago of error, could obtain any, the leaſt currency with mankind, is a damning proof of their folly and toleration.—I have been ſeveral times in his company, and found him a jolly, facetious, gentlemanly companion, highly fraught with the wit of others, but poſſeſſing none himſelf, and when he made the circle merry, he did not analyſe the impulſe ſo deeply, as to aſcertain whether they laughed *with him* or *at him*: he was an erratic punſter, ſcudding between family and family, and ſweating under the pangs of his motley memory, to deliver antient conundrums, for the jocundity of children in the nurſery, or at leaſt to enliven thoſe who ought to have remained there; but ſuch dealers in the ſmall ware of Phœbus, are as common in this city, as the finny fry in the boſom of the atlantic: theſe pedlars of morſels are not living by their wit, but their effrontery. Yet the ſophiſtication of Captain Groſe was innocent, though deluſive; but we have a bungling and daring *Impoſtor* among us, whoſe being is the touchſtone of human credulity; who has

hurried ſomewhat prematurely to his grave—ſhe, good ſoul, did not teize him long with her curvettings, but widows are ſignificant in their movements, and their ſighs are ſeldom waſted on the deſert air; they know that time is flitting rapidly to eternity, and, that the body decays before the paſſions. To be brief, they were married, and ſhe generouſly put him in poſſeſſion of a fine perſon, and an eſtate, thirty miles in length and ſeven in breadth, with a ſnug *Borough*, and all its concomitant advantages—happy Nathaniel: happy Dowager! When the eſpouſals took place, St. Luke read the matrimonial ſervice in the ſemblance of a pariſh prieſt; a Scion from the Stock of Timotheus, recited the Epithalamium, which was harmonized by ſix choral virgins from the interior of *Hants*. Apollo gave a *fête champêtre* on Parnaſſus, and the muſes mingled Geneva with the Heliconian waters; in that delicious moment the ſouthern breezes prevailed: Flora put on her beſt bib and tucker, and Envy was fettered, and inactive; none then exclaimed!

Nor Hymen, nor the Graces here preſide,
Nor Juno to befriend the blooming bride;
But Fiends with funeral brands the proceſs led,
And Furies waited at the genial bed.

Yet was that hour auſpicious which led him from the polite arts, and impelled him to cut his pictures in pieces, and, like another Saturn, deſtroy his own offspring?

He has had one of his figures, engraved by Mr. Bartolozzi—I wiſh his Timon had been as correctly repreſented; I cannot diſmiſs this article, without obſerving with regret, that ſo great a man, is preparing for a journey to Venice; when Mr. Bartolozzi quits England, every admirer of graphic excellence muſt mourn, that the want of due ſpirit in the Britiſh nation ſhould accelerate the departure of an artiſt, who is equally exemplary in his talent and his action.

tickled

tickled the nation with repeated artifices, and is now on the eve of alluring that unthinking and unweildy beaſt, *John Bull*, to affix an indelible libel upon the primeſt and moſt divine genius that Britain ever generated. Every honeſt man, who regards the glory of his nation and the drama, ſhould urine upon the reptile, and waſh him from the face of the earth.

The Death of CAPTAIN GROSE,

(Being an Extract from a Letter written by Mr. CHRISTOPHER PACK, who was preſent).

"My Friend *Horace Hone*, invited me to dine with him, as *Captain Groſe*, and Mr. *Gandon* the architect and his family, were to be with him in the evening; after dinner we were looking out of the window, and ſaw Groſe, and the two Miſs Gandons, one laying hold of each of the Captain's arms, and walking very faſt down Dorſet-ſtreet: and a more groteſque groupe perhaps never appeared ſince the foundation of civil ſociety—pourtray to your mind a man five feet high, and weighing twenty-two ſtone, with a coat cut in the faſhion of thirty ſummers back, with large boots hanging over his ancles, and a ſmall hat, which ſeemed merely ſtuck on one ſide of his head, with a playful girl holding each arm—you, and the world I am ſure will forgive me for laughing immoderately, at him, but in the ſtate of mind I now am, it gives me a ſevere pang, as it perhaps tended to ſhorten ſo valuable a life. When he came upſtairs, puffing and blowing like an over drove elephant, we were all jocoſe, and he joined in the mirth, though much out of breath: ah, ſays he, you are quizzing at my little *chapeau* here, holding it up; but let me ſit down, and I'll tell you the adventure of the Bear and Fiddle: upon which he ſquatted himſelf beſide me, and began thus; I dined at the Chief Baron *Yelverton's* yeſterday, and after dinner we had infinite merriment; and, I believe, *Egan* enjoyed it ſo much, that his eye-ſight failed: for he took my big Kevenheller with him, and left me this little ſkimming diſh, and then reheld up the hat—at this point of diſcourſe, his tongue faultered, and his eyes became fixed—I ſeized his hand, and found it cold, his throat was diſtended, and he appeared in a ſmall degree convulſed, we feared it might increaſe, and with the aſſiſtance of the two *Hones*, *Horace* and *Camillus*, and Mr. *Gandon*, he was placed gently on the floor. I went on one knee and ſupported his head and felt his pulſe, but they moved very lazily: the ladies chaffed his temples; but the ſpirit was then quivering on his lips, for he ſlightly writhed, and ſighed, and died. It is ſomewhat ſingular that he ſhould be from his own country, and yet expire in the arms of his countrymen, and old friends; there being no one preſent but Mr. *H. Hone*, Mr. *C. Hone*, Mr. *Gandon*, his daughters and myſelf, who are all Engliſh. He was interred with the ceremonials of decency in Drumcondra church-yard,

Dublin, on the 18th of May 1791. And his remains were attended by his nephew, *Lieutenant Groſe*, the two *Hones*, Mr. *Gandon*, and himſelf who were all artiſts !"

——— KEATING, [illegible] to engraver: this aſpiring artiſt now practiſes in London. I have ſeen ſeveral of his performances which reflect much credit on his exertions, among which was an impreſſive likeneſs of the Rev. *Father O'Leary*.

——— ELMER, junior, painter of game and fruit: this artiſt is the ſon of Mr. *Elmer*, of Farnham, in Surry; he practiſed in Dublin, and other parts of Ireland.

JAMES BARRY, R. A. The origin of this gentleman was unpropitious; his father was a bricklayer in Cork; and the profeſſor of painting was wont to carry the hod: he emanated upon the general eye, by painting a ſign of Neptune, for a whiſkey ſhop in that city; and which was a production ſo uncommon for a lad ſituated as he was, that Dr. *Longfield* immediately put his ample wing over him, and reſcued him from meanneſs, penury, and oblivion.

When this inconſtant man had returned from Italy, and was much depreſſed in circumſtances and in ſpirit, and it was generally ſuppoſed that he was ſinking for want of a patron, the late *Duke of Northumberland*, with becoming nobleneſs, invited the diſconſolate artiſt to dine with him; and during the repaſt at Northumberland-Houſe, the diſcourſe ran upon the diſtribution of the paintings around the room; among which was the inimitable effort, by *Titian*, of the Carnaro family. "How, Mr. *Barry*, do you approve of the placing of theſe pictures?" ſaid his Grace. "Oh, very well, my Lord Duke; but there is a capital place at the bottom there, in a ſide light, which is unoccupied." "I mean that vacancy to be filled by a production from your pencil, Sir; which I requeſt you to finiſh as ſoon as poſſible. I wiſh the ſubject to be taken from the hiſtory of England; but ſhall leave the ſelection, the ſize, and the price, to be fixed by yourſelf; and have only this to add, that you will contrive to introduce a maſter of the Horſe in the grouping, and draw my portrait in that character." After this inſtruction the parties ſeparated; and in the enſuing week his Grace called upon the artiſt repeatedly, who was uniformly denied. At length the Duke, fatigued by ſuch caprice, ſent him a letter by his ſervant, deſiring to ſpeak to him; when the inflated *James Barry* was pleaſed to expreſs himſelf thus: "Go to the Duke, your maſter, friend, and tell him from me, that if he wants his portrait painted, he may go to the fellow in Leiceſter-fields; for that office ſhall never be fulfilled by me. This anecdote was told by Mr. *Gabriel Stuart*, to whom the Duke related it; and though few perſons may believe that ſuch an inſtance of weakneſs ever occurred, it is aſſuredly a fact——poor man!

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This, it muſt be admitted, is one of thoſe awkward events, which may be more detrimental to thoſe who never thus erred than him who did; inaſmuch as it may prevent another nobleman, with a ſimilar greatneſs of mind, to ſuccour another artiſt ſimilarly neceſſitous. If Mr. *Barry*, poſſeſſing a ſtrong underſtanding, and, I think, a good heart, can be ſo egregious; how much charity ſhould we direct towards thoſe who are not ſo highly gifted? Yet it proves, moſt unhappily, that Vanity aſſumes the garb of Pride, to ſupercede thoſe rational centinels, which were placed, as an outpoſt, to guard the underſtanding.

For a more particular account of Mr. *Barry*, *ſee Memoirs of the Royal Academicians, p.* 125.

—— DE GREE, was born at Antwerp, and the ſon of a taylor, who lived in the great ſquare near the cathedral; when a child, his manners were ſo engaging, that an Abbé ſolicited his father, to let him educate him for the church; which propoſal, his parents readily acceeded to: by this gentleman's inſtructions, he ſoon became a tolerable proficient in the claſſics; and had read ſo much of the controverſies as to form an opinion of his own; which was diametrically oppoſite to that profeſſed by his patron. The Abbé finding he would not make a good prieſt, knew he would make a good painter; and articled him to Mr. *Gerrards* of Antwerp, for 7 years. *Gerrards* was an imitator of *De Wit*, the celebrated baſſo relievo painter. The firſt works of *De Gree* are hardly to be diſtinguiſhed from thoſe of his maſter, but by copying the models of *Flamingo*, he acquired a broader manner, and more tender ſtile of colouring. In the year 1782, when I viſited Antwerp, he was then ſtudying the Engliſh language with a view of going to London; to which place, Sir Joſhua Reynolds had invited him in 1781: he came to London, for the purpoſe of going to Dublin, where he had pictures to paint for Mr. *Latouche*. Sir Joſhua received him with every mark of attention, and wiſhed him to ſettle in London; but on his declining that propoſal, he made him a preſent of fifty guineas to bear his expences to Ireland: *De Gree* did not keep a ſhilling of the money, but immediately remitted it to his aged parents, at Antwerp; to whom he was a moſt affectionate and dutiful ſon. His firſt work in Ireland, was executed for Mr. *Latouche*, for whom, he had painted ſeveral pictures during his reſidence in Antwerp. *De Gree* thought he could not in honor charge him more for his works, than he had done when in Flanders; and he received a ſum for a large work, that but barely paid his board and lodging in a family. On my arrival in Dublin, in 1787; I found him in a bad ſtate of health, the cauſe of which was too cloſe application, and the prejudicial mode of living that he purſued: he had but two ſmall rooms, in the one he kept his pictures and ſlept, and in the other he worked, ſo that he was

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day and night, breathing an atmoſphere poiſoned with the fumes of lead, which brought on thoſe violent bilious attacks to which he died a martyr. The low prices which he got for his pictures would not allow him to relax or indulge himſelf in the ſtimulus of a ſmall portion of wine, which he had been accuſtomed to in his own country: for if he had, he could not have indulged himſelf in the much higher gratification, of ſending a portion of his earnings to his aged parents; which he always did to the utmoſt farthing he could ſpare, ſo much ſo, that, when he died, he had only a few ſhillings in his poſſeſſion; though his illneſs was but of a few days duration. I think it neceſſary in the memoirs of a man ſo amiable, to deny a report that has been malicioufly circulated at Antwerp, that he died a martyr to intemperance. As a friend, he was warm and ſincere, all his actions were governed by philantrophy, and honeſty; his manners were affable, and chearful; and he never loſt a friend after having gained one. He excelled in painting groupes of boys in imitation of *alto relievo* on marble; and many of them, are ſuch maſterly deceptions, that it muſt be a nice obſerver who would not think them real projections—having conſtantly employed himſelf in the painting of children, from *Fiamingo*, he neglected the ſtudy of anatomy, and deſigned the adult figures very incorrectly. He made an attempt at portrait painting, but did not ſucceed. He died in Dublin in 1788.

JONATHAN BUCK, L.L.D. was born in Dublin, and educated at Trinity College; this gentleman paints ſmall landſcapes in oil, with a delicate pencil: he is the ſon of the late valuable Dr. *Buck*, who was private tutor to the preſent *Lord Chancellor*; he had the *honor* of educating two judges, four fellows of Trinity College, and one biſhop, but had not the *happineſs* of being aſſiſted by either, although he had paſſed a moſt exemplary life in the inſtruction of youth—he was benevolent, though a prieſt, and urbane though a ſcholar! The *Chief Baron Yelverton* officiated as his principal uſher for ſeveral years, yet, none of his family were preferred, or benefited, by ſuch a powerful, but regardleſs phalanx. Mr. *Jonathan Buck*, is one of the moſt accompliſhed men in Europe; yet, by ſome irreconciliable fatality, which, but too frequently is attendant on wiſdom! he is compelled to live at the village of *Monaſterevea*, in the county of Kildare; on the very limited annual ſalary of fifty pounds, although his family is numerous, and his merits unqueſtioned. When Mr. *Arthur Young* * was in Ireland, he received many

* The aptitude of perſons to receive that as true, which is no more than the ſportiveneſs of ſome ſneering communicant; has often proved injurious to the character of a nation: and I remember an anecdote of Mr. *Arthur Young*, which I heard at Goree in the county of Wexford, which completely elucidates this remark—that very *ingenious* traveller, who appears to have ſcudded

civilities from Dr. *Buck*; yet what was Dr. Buck, and what is Arthur Young?

If any of the ſplendid perſonages alluded to, ſhould peruſe this ſtatement, the world may expect, they ſhould ponder and bluſh themſelves into ſhame.

——— ROGERS, an artiſt of very inconſiderable merit, appears to have been the father of landſcape painting in Ireland; he reſided in Cork, and deſerves hardly to be mentioned; but that he produced the meritorious *Butts*, who was his ſcholar, and who poſſeſſed all the requiſites from nature to form a perfect painter; but his vices blunted his faculties, and put an early period to his exiſtence; or he would have been, perhaps at this time, proudly ranked by his countrymen with *Claude*, *Pouſſin*, and *Wilſon*: poor *Butts* had a ſovereign diſdain for thoſe obligations which bind the wiſe and the diſcreet. His landſcapes were impreſſive copies from the wild ſcenes which abound in the county of Cork, and the romantic views on the margin of the Black Water. No man was more happy in his choice of nature: his breadth of light and ſhadow, and harmonious colouring, are in a high degree faſcinating; and the facility with which he painted created wonder. He is ſaid to have finiſhed a picture of any ſize his employer choſe for one guinea; and he would often carry a charming compoſition to a whiſkey ſhop, and ſell it for a crown; with which he got literally drunk; and refuſed to work again while a penny remained to incommode his pocket. In about his thirtieth year he went to Dublin, and became acquainted with *Chapman*, the picture cleaner. Theſe inconſiderate aſſociates occupied the ſame roof; but had a partition, which biſected the garret

ſcudded through ſeveral kingdoms, in order to prove that turnips are the catholican for man and beaſt; was ſome years ago at Goree, making notes on the cultivation, wealth, reſources, and national proſperity of Ireland; when ſome peaſants were ſwimming their horſes in the ſea, on a Sabbath day: being charged up to the muzzle with the rage of information, he eagerly enquired the reaſon of ſuch an extraordinary immerſion, and as there was an undeſcribeable ſomething in his mien, which fed their mirth; they treated him rather ſarcaſtically, and told him that they ſwam their cattle in the ſea, becauſe they had all the mange; which piece of *quizzing* intelligence, he carefully committed to his common place book, and afterwards declared to the world, in his tour; that, in that part of the iſland, he ſaw the paddies ſwimming their horſes, to cure them of the mange!

When the ſame verſatile pilgrim was in the north of Ireland, walking, in a ſultry day, on the banks of the tranſparent Lough Neagh, (the waters of which, are ſuppoſed by the country people, to poſſeſs the power of changing all objects that touch it into wood). He ſuddenly knelt down, being thirſty, to drink of the clear and inviting beverage, when a ſhepherd, who had obſerved the tranſaction from an eminence, ran down the hill bawling in haſte, by the Holy Father man, if you touch that you'll have a wooden head." The exclamation was untimely, for the luckleſs F.R.S. had gulped to ſatiety; but how far the prediction of the Spalpeen was juſt, I ſhall leave to the determination of thoſe, who have peruſed his agricultural labours.

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into two ſeparate apartments; and an aperture was made in it through which a tankard or jug could paſs. *Butts* ſat on one ſide, producing gems of art; while *Chapman*, to pleaſe an ignorant employer, was mutilating, by rubbing and daubing, the productions of the beſt maſters, on the other. The jug or pot was handed inceſſantly through the hole to each while any liquor remained; and, when that failed, they jointly quitted their labours. But this vulgar ſocial madneſs too quickly curtailed the being of the thoughtleſs *Butts*; who may be rather ſaid to have *periſhed* than *died*: though he had been carbonaded periodically by miſery, he could not, or would not, avoid the fire of ruin.

SAMUEL HILL, portrait painter in crayons, and teacher of drawing: he travelled through the provinces; and taught drawing for ſeveral years at the ſchools of Portarlington, in the Queen's county.

——— VALGRE, hiſtorical painter and architect, is a native of Italy: this gentlemen had been for ſeveral years under the protection of the *Marquis of Buckingham*; and executed various ornaments at his ſuperb ſeat at Stowe, in Buckinghamſhire; when that nobleman was appointed, a ſecond time, to the viceroyalty of Ireland, Mr. *Valgre* attended him; where he has deſigned various edifices, partaking of both taſte and utility: he remains and practiſes in that country; and meets with that eminent encouragement which his acquirements demand, from a liberal nation.

——— LEE, portrait painter in oils; he flouriſhed in 1724; and is arranged as one of the earlieſt painters that ever practiſed in Ireland.

——— PINE, a miniature painter, practiſed in Dublin and Connaught; he was the ſon of Mr. *Pine*, the engraver; and brother to Mr. *Pine*, the hiſtorical painter.

JOHN COLLINS, miniature painter in profile, is a native of England. This ingenious gentleman is better known for his amuſing lecture called *Collins's Bruſh*; which he exhibited in Ireland, with ſucceſs, at the ſame period that he purſued this diminutive branch of the arts: he now reſides in Birmingham.

CHRISTOPHER PACK, hiſtorical, portrait, and landſcape painter, was born in the city of Norwich, in 1750; his father was the lineal deſcendant of Sir *Robert Pack*, Bart. who made himſelf ſo conſpicuous in the reign of Charles I. and was a merchant in that city; but, having entered into partnerſhip with men, who, under a cloak of puritanical ſanctity, concealed the baſeſt deſigns, he found himſelf in a ſhort time plundered of his property. *C. Pack* was at this time in his fifteenth year, and had made ſome progreſs in the art of painting; he had produced many copies from *Wilſon*'s landſcapes, and ſome portraits; but theſe portraits not being congenial to the wiſhes of his parents,

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who were of the ſociety of Quakers, they perſuaded him to relinquiſh them, and apply himſelf to buſineſs; which he did, with indefatigable induſtry for ſome years, in the Norwich manufactory. During this period he frequently went to London, and there formed an acquaintance with the late eſtimable *John Mortimer*, who not only recommended him to make painting his profeſſion, but invited him to live with him. The duty he owed to the inclinations of his parents, for ſome years overbalanced his natural propenſity; but the repeated loſſes his father ſuſtained, and the ſtagnation put to their trade by the American war, determined him to abandon it, and purſue painting as a profeſſion. In the year 1781 he went to London, and got introduced to Sir *Joſhua Reynolds*, whoſe portraits he attentively copied for ſome time; but, from too cloſe an application, and unuſual confinement, he was ſo impaired in his health, that he thought it expedient to leave London. He returned to his native place, and there began to practice as a portrait painter; from thence he went to Liverpool; and, in the year 1787, he returned to London; in which place he remained but a few months: when he was induced to make a journey to Ireland; being previouſly recommended by Sir *Joſhua Reynolds* to the late *Duke of Rutland*, who was then vice-roy, and whoſe intention it was, to have eſtabliſhed another public academy for the polite arts; but his unexpected death rendered the meaſure abortive. Mr. *Pack* is now practiſing in London, with much reputation. I have ſeen an original head of *Werter*, by this artiſt, which approaches, in the colouring, nearer to the charming taſte of the Venetian ſchool, than any other inſtance I ever ſaw, by a native of this realm.

NATHANIEL GROGAN, was a native of Cork; he ſerved an apprenticeſhip to a wood turner, in that city: during this period, he attained an intimacy with *Butts*, and imitated his pictures, which ameliorated his taſte, and called forth a deſire to excel in the fine arts. He ſerved in the army during the American war, and at its termination, he reviſited his native place, where he now reſides; he paints landſcapes in a ſtile little inferior to *Butts*, but his forte conſiſts in an apt delineation of humorous ſubjects; in which he correctly repreſents the manners and cuſtoms of the Iriſh peaſantry. I have ſeen pictures from his pencil, not inferior to *Egbert Hemſkirk*—he has publiſhed ſome *aqua tinta* views of the ſuburbs of Cork, which poſſeſs great truth; and it is much to be regretted, that ſuch extraordinary merit, iſſuing from ſuch diſadvantages, ſhould want adequate protection, and adequate employment.—His partial appetite has made him exclaim—

Vos Hiberniæ collocatis, ſummum bonum in Potatoes!

FREDERICK BUCK, miniature painter Cork, and brother to Mr. Adam Buck.

—— WARREN, herald painter; now practiſes in London.

JONATHAN FISHER, landſcape painter, was born in Dublin; he was originally a woollen draper in the Liberty of that city. This gentleman may likewiſe be arranged as ſelf-educated. He has been particularly indebted to the patronage of Lord Portarlington. About the year 1782, he publiſhed a ſet of views of the Lake of Killarney, which were engraved in London from his paintings.

Mr. *Fiſher*, as an artiſt, is not entitled to a very diſtinguiſhed praiſe: his manner likewiſe is too cold: yet, it ſhould be known, that whoever ſtudies landſcape painting in Ireland, will be led into this error; as the face of the country ſeldom conveys an idea of warmth; which is an effect ariſing from the frequency of ſhowers drawn from the Weſtern ocean.

As I am approaching to the end of theſe memoirs, I muſt again lament, that the gentlemen of Ireland do not ſufficiently evince that kind diſpoſition towards the Fine Arts, which is indiſpenſibly neceſſary to their eſtabliſhment. When I was in that generous nation, I walked through every province, and have to regret, that I ſaw but few inſtances of a ſupreme taſte. The firſt was a ſuperb cabinet, painted by *Vandyke* in his youth, for an anceſtor of Sir *Martin Foulkes*; and which was afterwards purchaſed by Mr. *Warburton*, of Garryinch, in the Queen's county, where I copied it in the year 1780; the ſubjects were an illuſtration of Ovid's Metemorphoſes. The ſecond was a collection at Caſtle Bernard, the ſeat of *Lord Bandon*, near Bandon: the third was Mr. *Stewart*'s, in Dublin: the fourth was the *Duke of Leinſter*'s gallery: and the fifth was, a well-ſelected aſſemblage of drawings and prints, in the poſſeſſion of Mr. *Alexander Mangin*, of Dublin. I do not aver, there are not other inſtances in Ireland, equally indicatory of a poliſhed taſte; but I took much pains to ſee every thing that was admirable in that purſuit, and this is the reſult of my enquiry. *Lord Powerſcourt* and *Lord Ely* had each many pictures; but I did not claſs them as very genuine or highly valuable.

When my judgment was required as to the authenticity of a painting, I gave offence unwittingly by my candour: but I could not injure the memory of the *great dead* ſo much, as to call a copy an original. Yet this unpleaſant iſſue was not confined to Ireland; the quackery of picture dealers produced the ſame conſequences in Scotland. A very reſpectable gentleman of Perthſhire, who favoured me with many attentions when I was traveling through that county, became cool in his civilities towards me, becauſe I would not indorſe the impoſition of ſome venal picture merchant; by affirming, contrary to my conviction, that an imperfect copy of *Guido*'s Cleopatra was an original picture; as my award, in ſome degree, involved a reflection upon his diſcernment,

ment, he received my declaration as a little injury, and we parted without the energies of a friendly adieu!

It was the intention of the late *Duke of Rutland*, to eſtabliſh a ſchool for painting in Dublin: and, after his death, the preſent Speaker of the Houſe of Commons would have put the ſcheme into a proper train for its accompliſhment: but, previous to the plan being laid before the public, it was deemed neceſſary that it ſhould be examined by ſome of the artiſts; and all who were conſidered as perſons that could have any thing to do in ſuch an inſtitution, were invited to ſee the plan, before it ſhould be finally delivered to Mr. *Foſter*: but this rational meaſure was fruſtrated by the intervention of a few inconſiderable men; who, impelled by either envy or ignorance, brought forth a triple-headed monſter, which they denominated an *Academy for Arts*, *a Muſeum for Mechanical Works*, and *a Repoſitory for Manufactures*, all combined in one ſettlement! This egregious *proſpectus* was printed, and ſubmitted to the conſideration of the venerable *Earl of Charlemont*; who momentarily imagined, that ſome public utility might germinate from ſuch an eſtabliſhment; and he profeſſed himſelf the patron of the meaſure; until an ample inveſtigation enſued, which was fatal to the wiſhes of its authors.

The original idea that was given to the Speaker, and which would have been put in execution, but for this peeviſh oppoſition, was as follows.

The ſchools of the Dublin Society were to remain in their priſtine ſtate; and an Academy for Painting was to be formed, to receive the ſcholars, after they had paſſed through the rudiments of deſign. It was to be compoſed of a Preſident, and twenty members, of the firſt claſs; who were to regulate the conduct of the ſociety; and an unlimited number of the ſecond and third claſſes. Viſitors were to be elected from the whole ſociety, to attend in rotation, in the Academy of living models. A national gallery was to be erected; and the firſt ſpecimens of ancient art that could be purchaſed, were to be depoſited in it for the uſe of the ſtudents: and, to improve the national taſte, it was to be opened two days in each week for public inſpection; and, during the remaining days, the ſtudents were to have been allowed to copy them, under the inſpection of the late Mr. *De Gree*; who was to have been conſtituted the Keeper, which would have been a permanent office: the preſident, viſitors, and lecturers, to be elected annually. In the failure of this ſcheme, by a conſequent abortion, that part of the Iriſh empire have much to deplore, who regard the fine arts, with all their emanations of delicacy and genial influence upon human manners.

I ſhall now conclude my criticiſm upon the ſtate of the Fine Arts in our ſiſter kingdom; and endeavour, by ſome general remarks, to diſpoſſeſs the fooliſh of their folly.

—— WARREN, herald painter; now practiſes in London.

JONATHAN FISHER, landſcape painter, was born in Dublin; he was originally a woollen draper in the Liberty of that city. This gentleman may likewiſe be arranged as ſelf-educated. He has been particularly indebted to the patronage of Lord Portarlington. About the year 1782, he publiſhed a ſet of views of the Lake of Killarney, which were engraved in London from his paintings.

Mr. *Fiſher*, as an artiſt, is not entitled to a very diſtinguiſhed praiſe: his manner likewiſe is too cold: yet, it ſhould be known, that whoever ſtudies landſcape painting in Ireland, will be led into this error; as the face of the country ſeldom conveys an idea of warmth; which is an effect ariſing from the frequency of ſhowers drawn from the Weſtern ocean.

As I am approaching to the end of theſe memoirs, I muſt again lament, that the gentlemen of Ireland do not ſufficiently evince that kind diſpoſition towards the Fine Arts, which is indiſpenſibly neceſſary to their eſtabliſhment. When I was in that generous nation, I walked through every province, and have to regret, that I ſaw but few inſtances of a ſupreme taſte. The firſt was a ſuperb cabinet, painted by *Vandyke* in his youth, for an anceſtor of Sir *Martin Foulkes*; and which was afterwards purchaſed by Mr. *Warburton*, of Garryinch, in the Queen's county, where I copied it in the year 1780; the ſubjects were an illuſtration of Ovid's Metemorphoſes. The ſecond was a collection at Caſtle Bernard, the ſeat of *Lord Bandon*, near Bandon: the third was Mr. *Stewart*'s, in Dublin: the fourth was the *Duke of Leinſter*'s gallery: and the fifth was, a well-ſelected aſſemblage of drawings and prints, in the poſſeſſion of Mr. *Alexander Mangin*, of Dublin. I do not aver, there are not other inſtances in Ireland, equally indicatory of a poliſhed taſte; but I took much pains to ſee every thing that was admirable in that purſuit, and this is the reſult of my enquiry. *Lord Powerſcourt* and *Lord Ely* had each many pictures; but I did not claſs them as very genuine or highly valuable.

When my judgment was required as to the authenticity of a painting, I gave offence unwittingly by my candour: but I could not injure the memory of the *great dead* ſo much, as to call a copy an original. Yet this unpleaſant iſſue was not confined to Ireland; the quackery of picture dealers produced the ſame conſequences in Scotland. A very reſpectable gentleman of Perthſhire, who favoured me with many attentions when I was traveling through that county, became cool in his civilities towards me, becauſe I would not indorſe the impoſition of ſome venal picture merchant; by affirming, contrary to my conviction, that an imperfect copy of *Guido*'s Cleopatra was an original picture; as my award, in ſome degree, involved a reflection upon his diſcernment,

ment, he received my declaration as a little injury, and we parted without the energies of a friendly adieu!

It was the intention of the late *Duke of Rutland*, to eſtabliſh a ſchool for painting in Dublin: and, after his death, the preſent Speaker of the Houſe of Commons would have put the ſcheme into a proper train for its accompliſhment: but, previous to the plan being laid before the public, it was deemed neceſſary that it ſhould be examined by ſome of the artiſts; and all who were conſidered as perſons that could have any thing to do in ſuch an inſtitution, were invited to ſee the plan, before it ſhould be finally delivered to Mr. *Foſter*: but this rational meaſure was fruſtrated by the intervention of a few inconſiderable men; who, impelled by either envy or ignorance, brought forth a triple-headed monſter, which they denominated an *Academy for Arts*, *a Muſeum for Mechanical Works*, and *a Repoſitory for Manufactures*, all combined in one ſettlement! This egregious *proſpectus* was printed, and ſubmitted to the conſideration of the venerable *Earl of Charlemont*; who momentarily imagined, that ſome public utility might germinate from ſuch an eſtabliſhment; and he profeſſed himſelf the patron of the meaſure; until an ample inveſtigation enſued, which was fatal to the wiſhes of its authors.

The original idea that was given to the Speaker, and which would have been put in execution, but for this peeviſh oppoſition, was as follows.

The ſchools of the Dublin Society were to remain in their priſtine ſtate; and an Academy for Painting was to be formed, to receive the ſcholars, after they had paſſed through the rudiments of deſign. It was to be compoſed of a Preſident, and twenty members, of the firſt claſs; who were to regulate the conduct of the ſociety; and an unlimited number of the ſecond and third claſſes. Viſitors were to be elected from the whole ſociety, to attend in rotation, in the Academy of living models. A national gallery was to be erected; and the firſt ſpecimens of ancient art that could be purchaſed, were to be depoſited in it for the uſe of the ſtudents: and, to improve the national taſte, it was to be opened two days in each week for public inſpection; and, during the remaining days, the ſtudents were to have been allowed to copy them, under the inſpection of the late Mr. *De Gree*; who was to have been conſtituted the Keeper, which would have been a permanent office: the preſident, viſitors, and lecturers, to be elected annually. In the failure of this ſcheme, by a conſequent abortion, that part of the Iriſh empire have much to deplore, who regard the fine arts, with all their emanations of delicacy and genial influence upon human manners.

I ſhall now conclude my criticiſm upon the ſtate of the Fine Arts in our ſiſter kingdom; and endeavour, by ſome general remarks, to diſpoſſeſs the fooliſh of their folly.

Though I have mentioned the *antique* works with reverence, I would not have it underſtood, but that thoſe wonderful monuments of art may even be ſurpaſſed; as they are *not* perfect, though amazing. *Rafaelle* enacted wonders; yet he was frequently unequal to himſelf: the temperament of the mind is not always compatible with the demands of ambition; and the greateſt genius may be ſo enfeebled by diſeaſe, and brutalized by habits of impropriety, as not to be known or underſtood through the organ of his labours.

I have been accuſtomed to believe, that the diſpoſition to excel greatly argues the poſſeſſion of ſuch a power. I think there is ſome undeſcribable communication to a young mind, actuated by a virtuous hope, that braces the faculties, and gives them energy to purſue and grapple at what is excellent: and ſuch will conſider painting as the miſtreſs of their affections, to whom they ſhould cleave with the adheſion and pertinacity of true lovers. The Muſe is ſo jealous of her dominion, that ſhe will not be even neglected with indifference; and thoſe who wiſh to enjoy her muſt be unceaſing in their aſſiduity. To a character ſo modelled and ſo inſpired, the approaches of vulgarity would be a torment; its touch would paralyſe its ſyſtem, like the magician's wand:—yet, all this diſtinction of propenſity and intellect, is neceſſary to him who aſpires to be a perfect painter*.

As to the eſſential article of colouring, the priſmatic colours, which may be ſubdivided by mingling into ſeven diſtinct hues, are equal to all the purpoſes of the painter; and that artiſt who cannot make them equal to his deſires, will never be great in his execution with any. I have known many who have neglected every thing for chymiſtry; and who, after being immured for years in a laboratory, have acquired nothing but pale looks and a dejected heart: this is an affection, involving the principle of little

* *De l'Eſſence de la Peinture.*

« Nous avons dit, que la peinture etoit un art, qui, par le moyen du deſſein & de la couleur, imite ſur une ſuperficie plate, tous les objets viſibles. C'eſt ainſi à-peu-près que la definiſſent tous ceux qui & ont parlé, & perſonne ne s'eſt aviſé juſqu'aujourd'hui de trouver a redire à cette definition. Elle contient trois parties, la compoſition, le deſſein, & le coloris, qui ſont l'eſſence de la peinture, comme le corps, l'ame, & la raiſon, ſont l'eſſence de l'homme. Et de même que ce n'eſt que par ces trois dernieres parties que l'homme fait paroître pluſieurs proprietez & pluſieurs convenances qui ne ſont pas de ſon eſſence; mais qui en ſont l'ornement, comme par exemple, les Sciences & les Vertus: tout de même auſſi ce n'eſt que par les parties eſſentielles de ſon art, que le peinture fait connoître une infinité de choſes qui relevent le prix de ſes tableaux, quoiqu'elles ne ſoient point de l'eſſence de la peinture: telles ſont les proprietez d'inſtruire & de divertir, ſurquoi l'on peut faire cette queſtion aſſez conſideiable.

ruin, like the attachment of the inſect to the flame. Gum juniper, diſſolved in ſpirits, formed the varniſh of the Venetian ſchool, as uſed by *Tintoret*, and his competitors; and I believe they uſed oils as little as poſſible.—Sir *Joſhua Reynolds* was inceſſant in his toil to diſcover the Venetian manner; and he was ſo undetermined at laſt, that he may be rather ſaid to have *made* pictures than painted them. The encauſtic, or wax mode, which is attributed to the ancients by *Count Caylus* (whoſe reſearches have amended the taſte of Europe) has not obtained the credit he expected. It is believed, from the wiſeſt authorities, that the Egyptians and Greeks painted firſt in water colours; and then varniſhed the ſurface, to give the tints an eſtabliſhment. I have little doubt myſelf, but that the Venetian white, ſo much applauded and ſought after by the moderns, was made of pulveriſed marble, rendered impalpable and manageable. The antients attempted to make phyſic a ſcience, and failed: the moderns have made a *trade* of it, and ſucceeded. The ancient maſters attempted to make colouring ſyſtematic, and failed: the modern painters have made it ſophiſticate, and are rewarded. It is with the Engliſh ſchool of painting, as with the Engliſh ſchool of muſic, there is no original principle in either: the pyebald taſte of the nation is imbibed from the contemplation of the works of aliens; and we have the ſingular arrogance to make our robberies a right.

The material point which leads to deſtruction with our junior artiſts, is, that few aſk for an opinion, but all for approbation!—It is with them as with the ladies. I have known but few who would not moſt eagerly devour flattery, though it was adminiſtered by the beings they deſpiſed: on theſe occations, the candidates for univerſal approbation are truly willing to abſorb their antipathies in their vanity, and hoodwink their diſcernment to gratify their feelings. It is ſomewhat extraordinary, that the love of our temporal characters, while here, ſhould be more powerful and governing, than the love of our eternal character, which will operate ſo irreſiſtibly hereafter! As this is, in caſes almoſt innumerable, an admitted truth, how imperfect and paradoxical a being is man, who can ſoberly prefer the limited applauſe, which he underſtands muſt decay, to that endleſs approbation, which will endear his name to the preſumed concluſion of time? But this abaſing conviction is one of thoſe deluſive felicities, which ſpring from our overcharged vanity, and are ſtrengthened by our ſurreptitious will:—they tremble at the developement of their claims, like a prieſt at the inveſtigation of morality, leſt the argument ſhould deſtroy their character.

Among all the arts of decoration, and thoſe ſubſervient to the intereſts of pleaſure, which have been introduced in the various ſtages of civilization, there are none comparable with *Painting*: the antients might ſurvey the richeſt produce of the Tyrian loom with

with negative delight; but that ſenſation fled, when the object was removed: it left no impreſſion that was dear to the memory; but we have various inſtances on record, of the extacy they knew on beholding the works of *Timantes*, *Parrhaſius*, *Zeuxis*, and *Protogenes*. On occaſions like thoſe, all the force of ſympathy burſt upon the heart; the mind was under the dominion of its beſt paſſions, Love, Admiration, or Pity: and, as their immediate force ſubſided, ſober felicity budded from the reflection, which pondered upon the departed object of excellence with a fond tenacity.

There are many ſcientific perſons, who aſſert there is a paucity of genius among us; but that is not my perſuaſion: I think we are a people too vain for the great and ſublime purpoſes of art. Yet, if this vanity were wholly *national*, it would lead to the beſt efforts: but, alas, it is *perſonal*, and only evident in the love of our vile ſelves. Hence the painting of portraits ſupercedes the painting of hiſtory; and we are more ſolicitous to behold the repreſentation of our irregular lineaments, than the bright deeds of high and renowned men. I believe with *Martial*, that the dignity of genius is ſuppreſſed by the want of due ſuſtenance; and that conviction renders our diſciples liſtleſs and unaſpiring.

Sint Mecenates non deerunt Flacce Marones.

As every vaſt effort muſt ultimately be ſanctioned by the PUBLIC JUDGMENT, it fills me with regret to declare, that very, very few of that abominable maſs, from whence encouragement iſſues, have any capacity to appreciate works of art; and, by a luckleſs fatality, they uniformly incline to the intereſts of abſurdity. To their groſs faculties, deformity is not hideous, and perſpicuity is unſeen; they grope their dirty paſſage through exiſtence, like moles; and are never ſo miſerable, as when dragged from their filthy progreſs, and illumined by the beam of day and reaſon. It is this baneful prepoſſeſſion and ſtupidity, that generates thoſe impoſtors which cover and incumber our iſland; and are more numerous than the occupants of the fecund ocean. This is more the language of ſorrow than antipathy: the inclination to mark a fault is ſo univerſal, and indicative of envy, that a great mind would rather ſuffer trifling inaccuracies to paſs, than evince a diſpoſition to cavil: but, when it is apparent that truth, and grace, and honor, may be rendered ſubſervient to falſhood, it becomes neceſſary for the more critical to interfere, and affix due limits to the wanderings of genius.

We have had two rival publications, which have been ſomewhat oſtentatiouſly foiſted upon the world, as *illuſtrations* of the martyred *Hogarth!* I ſhall urge nothing as to the erudition or ability of either of the contending authors; as I think the performances do too much in that way to leave any doubt in the general mind: but, as to the prints, which they *preſume* to call the

ſublime

ſublime *Hogarth* in epitome, they are moſt ſcandalouſly defective: indeed, thoſe engraved by *Dent* are, in my thought, not ſufficiently correct to embelliſh the ſurface of a paper of tobacco; and, to admit it is poſſible for a human being, poſſeſſing any knowledge of taſte, to regard ſuch vulgar and vile attempts to copy our pictorial moraliſt with temper, is to ſuppoſe they are deficient in every faculty that uplifts or adorns our nature. I truſt, that after the candid manner in which I have treated the profeſſional character of the *proprietor*, in this work, that what I now aſſert will have its due weight. It is not befitting me, to extinguiſh an *old woman*, who is tottering on the edge of her ſepulchre. I am not diſpoſed to bind a torpid matron upon a bed of ſteel: every ordnance of charity and gallantry war againſt the idea. God forbid that I ſhould even endeavour to tarniſh her civic baubles, or ſnatch the hot cuſtard from her gums. If ſhe periſhes under this reproof, I will chaunt a *requiem* for her troubled ſpirit. Yet, what will not hope or vanity effect? She may be conſoled in her agency, when ſhe meaſures the morality of WILL PETERS; and reconciled to her beauty, when ſhe contemplates the frontiſpiece of JOHN WILKES.

I have now terminated theſe ſtrictures on the ſtate of the Fine Arts in Ireland; and I truſt they are accompliſhed with as much accuracy as could be imagined in an original work of ſuch a complex tendency: at any rate, the fidelity of my authorities muſt remain unimpeached. As the deſire to pleaſe all is chimerical, it cannot be expected, that ſo irritable a body as Artiſts ſhould be equally ſatisfied with my feeble diſcrimination: yet, I have not written to inflame, but ameliorate. Theſe profeſſors are ſo imperfectly conſtituted, that the moſt inſufficient among them conſider the loudeſt praiſes as their indiviſible right: and to that ſtern cenſor who prefers truth to deception, they direct every ſentiment of reſentment, and every deed of anger. Perhaps no being who has wrote created ſuch a malign hoſt of foes as I have; as none may have thought it ſafe or expedient to be ſo ingenuous: and I am compelled to be more cautious in my agency than the uſual claſſes of mankind, as there are a thouſand arrows drawn to the head, to overthrow me, whenever I may preſent a vulnerable point to their vengeance.

ADVERTISEMENT.

FROM THE AUTHOR, TO THE IRISH NATION.

☞ *As the preceding Memoirs have been collected with much trouble and expence, and as their manifeſt tendency is to promote the cultivation of the fine Arts in Ireland, and perpetuate the memory of the Profeſſors in that kingdom; the author preſumes to hope, that no Iriſh Bookſeller will be ſo ungenerous as to copy his labor, and make him regret that he attended, ſo many years, to its completion.*

THE END.

ADDENDA;

OR,

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS DEVELOPED.

SOME time ſince, there reſided, in the vicinity of Fulham, an elderly lady of elegant manners, but oppreſſed by penury: her deportment and language were ſuch as to induce many enquiries as to her real name and progreſs in life, all which ſhe carefully concealed. At length, the preſſure of age, and ſickneſs, and poverty, brought her to her death bed; when lying on which ſhe experienced the kindeſt attentions from a particular family in that neighbourhood. A repetition of theſe kindneſſes produced a friendſhip, which impelled the dying Lady to make the following declaration:—"I have been well educated, and tenderly reared. It was my misfortune, in the early part of my life, to be conſidered as handſome; and I became the toaſt of the hour: many young Gentlemen paid their addreſſes to me, but without the deſired effect, as I had fixed my virgin predilections on a Gentleman, who, by the ſuavity of his manners, and the force of his accompliſhments, became the point of admiration in thoſe circles in which I then moved: and I was inclined to believe that our paſſion was mutual: but alas!" ſaid ſhe, "how egregiouſly, how fatally was I deceived! but let me not bear too heavy upon his memory, for he is now no more—who he was, and what I am, you may know, when I die, if you have the curioſity to examine the contents of that trunk; which certainly contains but little of any value to you; though I have ever conſidered it as my ark, which incloſed the covenant between the idol of my mind and my weak heart. All I have now to intreat of you is, that in addition to your various and unmerited attentions towards me, you will not ſuffer my remains to be interred at the expence of the pariſh. I am not aſſured, that this ſort of pride, at ſuch a criſis, is philoſophic; but, if it is folly, pity and indulge me." In a few hours after this communication ſhe expired, and her requeſt was fulfilled to the minuteſt article. When the trunk was unlocked, the following letters from the late Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, to this lady, were diſcovered. They are principally written from Italy, and will certainly operate to throw a *new light* upon that celebrated character, and totally remove the long received idea, that he was the author of the Diſcourſes delivered at the *Royal Academy*, or a man of that learning which it has been generally ſuppoſed.

December

December
O. S. 10th 1749.

Dear Miſs Weſton,

My memory is ſo bad that I vow I dont remember whether or no I writ you about my expedition before I left England, ſince, I am ſure I have not, for I have writ to nobody, I ſaild from Plimouth ſo long agone as May 11th and am got no further yet than Port Mahon, but before you ſhall receive this expect to be on tother ſide the water; I have been kept here near two months by an odd accident, I dont know whether to call it a lucky one or not, a fall from a horſe down a precipice which cut my face in ſuch a manner as confined me to my room, ſo that I was forced to have recourſe to painting, — —

* muſement at firſt i —
now finiſhed as many —
will come to a hund —
pounds the unlucky —
Queſtion is my lips are ſpoi —
kiſſing for my upper —
buriſed that a great p — —
cut off and the reſt —
that I have but a — —
to look at, but in— —
wont perceive the d— —
So far it has been —
tour to me that can —
When we were at ſea —
myſelf with reading— —
uſe of a well choſen — —
Books which belong'd to —
was allways in his Cabb —
and drank with him ſo that —
voyage did not coſt m— —

There will be the more mony you know to ſpend at the Jubilee. Whenever the †Commodore went a ſhore at Cadiz Liſbon Gibralter he allways took me with him and even when he waited upon the Day or King of Algiers I went with him and have had the honour of ſhaking him by the hand three ſeveral times, he Intro-

 duced

* This hiatus in the letter is occaſioned by a part of one of its ſides being torn away.

† This was the late *Lord Keppel*.

duced me likewiſe to the Governour here General Blackney in ſo ſtrong a manner that the Governour inſiſted on my not being at any expence whilſt I was on the iſland but to eat at his houſe and ordered his ſecretary to provide me a lodging. You may imagine I ſpend my time here very agreably, here are about thirty Engliſh ladies Balls continually at the Generals, and on Board the ſhips.

When I am ſettled at Rome I will write to you again to let you know how to direct to me in the mean time I ſhall be much obliged to you if you will call and ſee that my Goods are ſafe and not ſpoiling I would write to him who has them could I think of his name I ſhould be glad if you had a ſpare place in your garret that could they be at your houſe

From your ſlave J. REYNOLDS.

P. S. My compliments to Mr. Charlton and Mr. Wilks I hear the whole world is to be at the Jubilee I hope to ſee Mr. Charlton at leaſt there—At Liſbon I ſaw a Bull fight and another at Cadiz, which will be the ſubject of many converſations hereafter

To Miſs Weſton,
In Great Queen ſtreet Lincoln's Inn Fields London.

Dear Miſs Weſton,

I wonder I have not receiv'd an Anſwer to all the Letters I have ſent you this is the third from Rome and one before from Mahon I ſuppoſe they have all miſcarried ſo I take this opportunity of ſending one by my good Friend Mr. Dalton and a Worthy man he is, I hope he will deliver this Letter himſelf that you may be acquainted and when I return we ſhall have many agreeable jaunts together.

I ſhall ſet out from Rome immediately after the next Lent or Carnival, Give my ſervice to Mr. Charlton and Mr. Wilks and tell them that if it was poſſible to give them an idea of what is to be ſeen here, the remains of Antiquity the Sculpture, Paintings, Architecture &c. they would think it worth while, nay they would break through all obſtacles and ſet out immediately for Rome, then the Carnival of which I have heard ſo much that I am reſolved to ſtay here to ſee the next which they ſay will exceed all the former ſince there has been none this Jubile or Holy year ſo the next they will make up for the old and the new, If they would ſet out ſo as to be here a Month or two before the Carnival after which Aſhley

and

and I will accompany them (as we intend to do otherwiſe) to Venice and from thence to Paris ſeeing every thing between thoſe two places that are worth ſeeing going now and then a little out of the direct Road and from thence to England or perhaps we ſhall go to Antwerp firſt. I am not in jeſt now but good earneſt and wiſh they would really think of it Mr. Dalton will acquaint them with the time ſuch a journey will take and the Expence, and the moſt expeditious way of travelling, I dont think they need be out of England above a year I wiſh them a good journey if they will write me when they ſet out I will come as far as Florence to meet them.

ſend me all the news you know, not fergetting to ſay ſomething about my Goods

I am My Dear Miſs Weſton,
Yours J. REYNOLDS.

P.S. Dont forget to remember me to Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. Hart, and Mr. Price if you ever ſee them and the Mr. Pines not forgetting the little girl at Weſtminſter by the Park. write me immediately immediately by the firſt poſt Mr. Dalton will tell you how to direct.

To Miſs Weſton
In Great Queen ſtreet Lincoln's Inn Fields London.

Dear Miſs Weſton *Rome. April* 30 1751

Your letter I receiv'd with a great of pleaſure and as tis increaſing a pleaſure to communicate it. I read it to a great many Engliſh that were at the Coffe houſe but without mentioning the writer (tho if I had, it would have been much to your honour) for you muſt know when a Letter comes from England we are all impatient to hear news, and indeed your Letter whas full of it, and however it happend every perſon took the ſame pleaſure in it as my ſelf Mr. Lovelace Mrs. Pine were known to moſt of the painters, others knew Miſs Hambleton and others Mr. More. others Miſs Guntings indeed their fame had reached here ſome time agone. But nobody but me knew the weſtminſter Girl a lack a lack ſhe has been brought to bed and tis a fine Chumning boy but who is Lord John ? well who would have thought it oh the naſty creature to have to do with a man. I am ſorry you have been at the expence of paying for my Goods I ſhall take care to repay you with thanks when I return which will be infallibly this year we ſet out in about too months time and take the tour of Venice and through Germany and let France alone till next year ſince it lies ſo near England that I can take a trip there in a ſum-

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mer and back again my fellow traveller is Mr. Astley who lived with Mr. Hudson.

We are all extremely afflicted for the loss of the Prince of Whales* who certainly would have been a great Patron to Painters as he already was to Mr. Dalton I feel an additional sorrow on his account, I beg my compliments to him particularly and to all friends I cannot form to myself any idea of a person more miserable than the Princess of Whales must be, deprived at once of a Husband she loved and with him all thoughts of ambition, Adieu I will not desire you to write any Answer to this Letter because I shall remove from Rome to Florence and other Parts of Italy so that you wont know where to direct, but I shall not for that reason neglect writing to you. Rememember me to mama

Yours J. REYNOLDS.

To Miss Weston
In Great Queen street Lincoln's Inn Fields London.

Under the apprehension that many may doubt this statement, the original letters are left for inspection in the possession of Mr. RICHARDSON, *Printseller, of York House, in the Strand*; where those who peruse them will perceive they have been literally and faithfully copied. Though there is not much of the fervor of love in these epistles, it is certain, from the final declaration of Miss *Weston*, that a mutual affection had existed; although it might have been eventually destroyed in the bosom of the recreant gallant, by a more splendid hope, or an object more charming.

I can have no governing principle in this measure, but the desire to establish truth. I would rather be the blazoner of his accomplishments, than the detector of his want of even common knowledge. Those who peruse this volume will perceive, that I have participated in the usual lunacy relative to his parts; and, consequently, I am implicated in any censure or ridicule which may attach to those, who too willingly admit what should have been more rigorously examined. If a man ever possessed erudition, which had been acquired under the classic trammels of a master, it must have been at such a period of his being as that, in which this correspondence was maintained; in the meridian and bloom of life, before the understanding has been shattered by calamity, or the traces of recollection obliterated by social tumult. I am myself living upon the dregs of that learning which I acquired at school and college; yet I would not venture to indite a theme I had not ample reason to believe I could comprehend; nor would I be indebted, as an adult, to any cause, meaner than heaven, for the origin and symmetry of my argument.

* It might be imagined this letter was written from Greenland, and not Italy.

THE END.